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EDWIN HAROLD ROUGH

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# EVANGELICAL HUMANISM

*By*

LYNN HAROLD HOUGH

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TO

PROFESSOR ROBERT WILLIAM ROGERS

A RARE GENTLEMAN, A BRILLIANT SCHOLAR,

AN INSPIRING TEACHER, AND A

GENEROUS FRIEND

SEP 24 1951

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# I

## THE EVANGELICAL SPIRIT

PERHAPS we may as well begin with a contemporary though unconventional expression of "The Evangelical Spirit." That brilliant American banker, Mr. Philip Cabot, whose years at Harvard were followed by years of successful activity in the world of finance, has given to the public a notable document of religious experience in the astonishing little book *Except Ye Be Born Again.* To quote words used by Mr. Cabot,[1] "I was a rationalist until I was fifty and have been a mystic since." In a style with its own secrets of sincere and aggressive and vital expression the story is told, in a book which deserves to be read wherever busy business men are forgetting or ignoring the claims of the spiritual life. We literally see the invasion of the soul of a preoccupied man of affairs by the unseen and spiritual forces. We witness his capitulation. And the book he has written literally glows with the new energy and power which have come into his life. "I have aimed," says Mr. Cabot, "to sketch how faith in God was, so to speak, forced upon me and made a vital and controlling force by the experiences of life. To state it in one sentence, I tried to live without it, was forced to admit my failure, and learned by that painful process the vital principle of life. I acted

[1]Article by Philip Cabot in Christian Century, December 11, 1924, p. 1598. "Except Ye Born Again."

upon the theory that I could manage my own life, that free will had been given me to use, and that the guiding hand of a living God which might be useful to weaker souls, was something which I could get along without. The result in my case was disease of body and atrophy of soul, and I say to you with profound conviction that if you take the same road you will reach the same destination."[2]

The sense of human failure and the sense of the divine aid are the essential notes of evangelical experience. And men who actually enter into it are usually quite like Mr. Cabot in the fresh energy of their speech. Like springtime it always comes with a sense of new discovery though it has happened countless times before.

There are many experiences which seem inevitably connected with particular periods, particular forms of civilisation, or particular races. There is a personal and social attitude which we definitely associate with the Roman citizen of the great days of the Republic. There is a fierce loyalty which is connected inseparably in our minds with the relation of the Jews to their race and their religion. There is an impetuous glow of feeling which is a by-product of Romanticism. But it is characteristic of the evangelical experience that it makes a home for itself in men of every race and age and country.

Paul was a first-century Jew. He always carried about with him very definite marks of his race and his training. Cosmopolitan experience never made him less a man of his own people. And he carried too the

[2] *Except Ye Be Born Again,* by Philip Cabot, published by the Macmillan Company, New York.

firm impression made by the belief in and the practice of the Pharisee's philosophy of life. Pharisaism made religious scholastics before the day of scholasticism. And not even the wonder of his glowing experience of the Christian religion removes all traces of scholasticism from the mind and writings of Paul. His people, his family, and his party furnished Paul with a technique of religion. But all his complacency was shattered and his formal allegiance set forth in its pitiable futility when he came to first-hand contact with the verities of the spiritual life. It is a far call from the American banker to the apostle Paul. But there is the same adumbration of essential meanings in the experience of each. The tragic devastating sense of personal failure on the one hand and the glowing joyous sense of the Divine Presence and power and creative energy on the other mark the way of struggle and bitter sorrow and divine joy through which Paul passed. A renewed personality made Paul believe in a renewed world. The Roman Empire gave him the framework for his own rapturous conception of the empire of the love of Christ. His thought was an ellipse constructed about two foci. One was the individual life made organic through the grace of Christ. The other was social life made organic by the grace of Christ. Lifting his own experiences in his passionate thinking to the $n^{th}$ power he saw all the world transformed by the force which had renewed his life. And it was not merely a technique of religion now. It was a triumphant expression of religion. Paul became literally the most vital man in the Roman Empire. He had a somewhat definite system of thought, for his mind was by nature and by discipline orderly, but it was his

vitality which triumphed as he traveled about the Mediterranean Sea. Men might have resisted his arguments. They could not resist the light in his eye. They could not resist the joy which throbbed in his voice. They could not resist the triumph which gleamed in his face. They could not resist the dauntless courage of his activity. They could not resist the quenchless zeal of his personality. They could not resist the shining goodness of his character. And all this the grace of Christ had brought to Paul. All this was the blazing happiness of his message of the divine grace out over the Roman Empire. It was his evangelical experience which made Paul a conquering missionary.

A very different man in a very different situation expresses the quality of the evangelical experience when we come to Augustine. The Roman Empire was still young when Paul became a flaming evangelist. The mood which had caused the Roman poet Virgil to idealize the rule of Augustus in noble and exquisite Latin speech still glowed like a hidden warmth in men's hearts. But when we come to the end of the fourth century and the beginning of the fifth, Rome is staggering toward its fall. With the death of Valens Rome suffered defeat inside the great river wall formed by the Danube and the Rhine. That was the beginning of the end. For in 410 A. D. Rome was sacked by Alaric and the same century saw its sack by the Vandals and the end of the reign of the last pathetic puppet Emperor.

In this world with the hand of change heavy upon it Augustine lived. And North Africa gave him more than a birthplace. For the hot North African blood surged in his arteries, and the passion and pain of

untamed generations gave intensity to his every thought and experience. With a mind of scintillating brilliance and a personality all aglow with magnetic attractiveness Augustine was born to be the center of every circle of which he formed a part. His life was a torrent which inevitably gathered into itself more sluggish streams. He had a passion for knowledge. He was in love with the pursuit of truth. He was a pilgrim moving from one interpretation to another, with a kind of haunting restlessness in his life and an unsatisfied hunger in his heart.

The tragedy of Augustine's life lay precisely in the fact that with all his growth in knowledge he did not grow in self-control. The hot, tempestuous vices of the period bit into his life with treacherous, angry teeth. He had the mind of a king of men, but his untamed nature made him a slave. With the subtlety of sensitiveness made more acute by the very qualities of his gifted nature he beat against the bars of this slavery. But in vain.

And then came that golden hour when his contact with the vitalities of the Christian religion made a new man of him. His *Confessions* ring with the pain and rapture of it. And that hour the man of kingly mind is given the heart of a king. All the passionate emotional energy of his sultry North African temperament becomes the vehicle of his religion and not the foe of his manhood. As a modern Freudian might say, he found a process of sublimation by which the very forces which were disintegrating his life turned about to build it up. The new mastery of Jesus Christ had gathered all the wandering lustful desires of Augustine away from evil and had drawn them in pure gladness

about this new and noble and commanding allegiance. The sense of his own failure and the sense of the divine aid made a Christian of Augustine. And in that hour they made of him a surpassingly great evangelical.

To be sure, there is a curious play of loyalties in Augustine between a person and an institution. Ambrose, with his high dignity and his stately worship and his gracious and imperial churchmanship, had captured the imagination of Augustine. So he is Augustine the churchman as well as Augustine the evangelical. And two great streams of religious life which separate widely enough as the centuries go by seem to flow out from his experience. When men stand on both sides of the great chasm in the sixteenth century each group proudly acknowledges Augustine. Even so in every age men whose fundamental word is solidarity and men whose deepest consciousness is sharply individual have found their way into the gracious and productive joy of the evangelical experience. It is not an entirely unhappy thing that Augustine represents the trunk of the tree before mighty branches had cast their widespreading strength in opposite directions. It meant everything to Augustine, and it meant much to the church for a thousand years during which period Augustine was its great schoolmaster, that when the timbers of the great house of Rome were breaking apart this powerful North African had found an invisible home of the spirit in the creative grace of the living God. And the house of the spirit in which he dwelt so securely enabled him to believe in a mighty city of God's grace. So when the city of man trembled and fell into decay Augustine wrote *De Civitate Dei.*

The spirit which lived in Paul is clearly profoundly akin to the spirit which dwelt in Augustine. With all their differences of race and discipline, of temperament and training they are one in the gladness and the achievement of the evangelical experience.

That brilliant Harvard teacher Henry Adams wrote the loftily cynical and trenchantly critical book *The Education of Henry Adams* in order to express his complete disillusionment with the nineteenth century. He wrote the eager and sympathetic book *Mont-Saint-Michel and Chartres* in order to express his happy appreciation of the thirteenth century. From modern diversity he retreated to the unity of the Middle Ages. From a world where everything is all the while set over against everything else in a sort of chaotic hostility he went back to a century where one mind, one heart, and one will gave a cohesiveness to human life unknown in later centuries.

When we desire to touch the noblest piety of that glorious thirteenth century when Gothic architecture was lifting the perpetual aspiration of its pointed arches and the poised vitality of its flying buttresses, we do not go to Innocent III with all the far-flung grandeur of his imperial power; we do not go to Saint Thomas Aquinas with all the subtle intellectual power and spiritual energy of the Summa. We turn inevitably to that tender human lover of God and men and nature, Saint Francis of Assisi. This little brother of flowers and trees and planets, of emperors and robbers and lepers strikes a note whose vibrations the world will not allow to die away into stillness and silence as long as there is sadness and loneliness and the wistful desire for human brotherhood among men.

Saint Francis accepted the glory of the church with obedient humility. He did not have the sort of mind which raises difficult problems. In fact, it might be argued that he did not have a mind at all. But he was the great heart of the Middle Ages. And that heart was gloriously and joyously evangelical.

That notably gifted writer J. Van der Porten Swartz, whose books in English appeared under the nom de plume Maarten Maartens, once wrote a novel entitled *God's Fool.* It was the study of a boy who suffered in childhood a tragic accident. As a result all the powers of his awakening mind seemed stultified. He had no power to think. All that was left in his curious personality was the power to love unselfishly. Other members of his family were shrewd and skillful and able. But God's Fool kept the soul of the family alive, and the hour came when he alone possessed the secret they all needed. In the thirteenth century it is Saint Francis who keeps the soul of the world alive. He is God's fool who only knows how to love. But he knows that supremely. And so he has won a permanent place in the heart of mankind. Not the political lordliness of Innocent III, not the intellectual lordliness of Saint Thomas Aquinas, but the divine self-forgetfulness in the heart of Saint Francis gives the supreme spiritual meaning to the unity of the thirteenth century. And the inspiring source of it all is an utterly humble and joyous dependence upon the love of God, an obedient and happy acceptance of the will of God, which express the very spiritual essence of the evangelical experience. The evangelical faith captured a kingly conscience when it mastered Paul. It captured a kingly mind when it mastered Augustine.

It captured a heart of kingly humility when it mastered Saint Francis.

The sixteenth century stands in the sharpest antithesis to the thirteenth. The age of solidarity has been succeeded by the age of individuality. The old unity is gone. It has broken into a thousand fragments. The individual nation has a new self-conscious life of which the England of the Tudors is a characteristic expression. The individual man is learning to stand in stark and lonely self-assertion ready to defy the world. Luther at Worms is the very embodiment of the new sense of the awful integrity of the individual life. And Luther brings us again into the very center of the evangelical current. The shrewd, vigorous, rough energy of the German peasant class gave Luther to the world. He could bow with infinite social humility before princes, but he was his own man for all that, and this combination of pliant and lowly manners with unbending will suggests many things about the sturdy peasant class from which he came. He brought the raw hearty stuff of genuine manhood fresh from the soil into the university and the Augustinian monastery and into the seething world of contention of which he formed a part. But the secret of Luther is not in his environment or his heredity. It is in his own passionate struggling heart played upon by his unbending conscience. In lonely battle and futile terrible struggle he found that he could not live without a personal contact with the living God. Not even the church could stand between his passionate, tempest-tossed heart and the gracious mighty God. His deepest experience was not mediated by the church. It came to full and glorious life in his own soul. The very accent of Paul is heard

again in the speech of Luther. The greatest fact in his experience was his personal contact with the grace of God. Everything else had to meet the standard set up by that experience. Whatever stood against it must go down. So Luther, driven to the wall, pitted his experience against the secular and the spiritual empire at the Diet of Worms, while the astonished young emperor, Charles V, already more astute than his twenty-one years of living would promise, looked on in perplexed and anxious thought. There were political and intellectual and social aspects to the Protestant Revolt, but its soul was the personal experience of the grace of God. And that was a reassertion of the central evangelical principle. If Luther was the hinge on which the door of the modern world swung open, that hinge was forged in the fires of evangelical piety. And the warmth and energy of those fires kindled the heart of the whole age. It is not to be forgotten that the period rejoicing in all the beautiful springtime blossoms of the Renaissance was the very age when the trumpets of evangelical religion sounded notes whose deep and resounding tones made men forget the springtime in the call to be soldiers of the spirit. The quality of religious life which swept over the Roman Empire in the first century, unabashed and unafraid, moved out over Europe in the sixteenth century. It was quite as much at home in the heart of a German peasant of royal gifts as in the heart of a Jewish Pharisee who was a keen and understanding citizen of the Roman Empire.

The eighteenth century is a period of cynical disillusionment with strange streams of romantic feeling, untouched by criticism moving through the level places

of its cool and self-consciously reasonable life. In many ways John Wesley is a typical man of his period even as in many ways he is a typical Englishman. Like the men of his time he possessed a shrewd rationality which held in solution many things about which it refused to reason. There was a capable common sense about him which had qualities of almost metallic firmness. There was a habit of close and careful observation with a quick and incisive apprehension of values characteristic of his mind, which was also characteristic both of his time and of his nation. And there were deep wells of unanalysed feeling which watered his life with their freshness and sometimes played havoc with its serenity. The age which produced the Sentimental Journey of Sterne produced the Wesley whose relations with women were always noble but were surely not always wise. The Oxford of his period put its mark upon him. He loved its gardens and he loved its scholarly life. He had the conscience of a gentleman as well as the unhesitating fearlessness of a man of conscience. He had a growing capacity for the control of human relations, and the century which laid the lines for the imperial statesman of the British Empire found this able Englishman with his genius for organisation developing into an ecclesiastical statesman of a very high order. He had no gift for the supreme matters of speculation. If we compare him with Greeks, his mind was more like the mind of Aristotle than that of Plato. If we compare him with moderns his mind was more like that of Locke than that of Spinoza. He never lost sight of the particular in the contemplation of the general. He had no love for intellectual adventure as such. He was no

Abelard almost gayly writing the pages of *Sic Et Non* and cataloguing the contradictions of the church's great teachers. But a practical necessity could carry him very far. And if he did not know Abelard's mental agility, he had a strength of character which made a radical position which he assumed capable of strong defense. He was likely to be caught on the point of a syllogism in his early years, and was not without a touch of arrogant intellectual scholasticism. But he mellowed as the decades passed over him, and the sweetness of his face was a reflection of the spiritual beauty of his character. The heart of his life and his influence was found in the inner fire which an evangelical experience kindled in his soul. He too knew the tragedy of failure to coordinate the varied forces of his life. He knew the spiritual failure of a life without conscious fellowship with God. And it is tremendously significant that on that great night at Aldersgate he listened to the reading of Luther's interpretation of Paul's exposition of the doctrine of grace at the very moment when his "heart was strangely warmed." So the ages met in the age and evangelical piety poised its wings for new and powerful flights. All England felt the impact of the new religious life. The age more afraid of "enthusiasm" than of anything else was mastered by a great and glowing and creative religious passion. The new lands over the sea felt the pulsing energies of these spiritual vitalities. Evangelical piety kept the soul of the world alive in the eighteenth century.

These are great and classic expressions of the evangelical spirit at work. Once William James, the eminent psychologist, was asked to define what he

meant by a spiritual personality. He replied that he could not give a definition. But he could suggest a person who embodied what he meant by a spiritual personality. He could suggest the name of Phillips Brooks. Better than definitions of the evangelical spirit are the names of Paul, Augustine, Francis, Luther and Wesley. They represent this spirit alive and in action.

We will do well to examine a little further the fashion in which the evangelical note has sounded in the most diverse civilisations and in the most varied ecclesiastical types. The Latin church received an evangelical quality of life before the days of Augustine. Tertullian in the third century was a lawyer with the habit of mind which the study of law produces. It is always the temptation of a lawyer to think more of relationships than of realities, to think more of expediencies than of vitalities. But with all his legal training and habit of mind Tertullian had too intense a passion for life to miss its central experiences. He gave evangelical piety a legal frame, but the picture itself shines with all the colors of the evangel. He knew the tragedy of life without God. He knew the glory of God present in the life. And the passion of his phrases and the vividness of his picturesque rhetoric tell how real and how commanding to him it all was.

In the twelfth century the church which had thought so much of world conquest was thinking sad and profound thoughts of world renunciation. And the voice of its profoundest moral sensibility and of its loftiest spiritual aspiration was Bernard of Clairvaux. With a personal fascination which made him almost irresistible and a magnetic enthusiasm which captured the

imagination of the age he became the greatest figure of the twelfth century. And with all that belonged to the age and not to the ages in the character of Bernard, he cut his way to the center of human struggle and human victory. He knew the bitter loneliness of the life in which God is not victoriously present. He knew the singing gladness of the conquering fellowship with God. He made the evangelical note commanding in his age. He set it sounding in trumpets which all men heard and which multitudes heeded.

When the Protestant Revolt became the dominant fact in the life of Europe we have already seen that the Lutheran group received its fundamental impulse in an evangelical experience. Luther was the heart of Germany. And Luther's heart had melted with the joy and hope of the divine grace.

But it is equally true that the Reformed churches were churches founded in a profound apprehension of the meaning of evangelical piety. If Calvin was the intellect of the Reformed churches and Knox their great prophet statesman, both the dialectic of the one and the leadership of the other were built upon a personal experience of the grace of God. Calvin's intellect has all the cool clarity and logical precision which we associate with the French mind at its best. But back of all the vast machinery of his logic there is a mind whose roots are in deep movements of the conscience and whose certainties have their foundation in spiritual experience. The grace of God was more than an idea and it was more than an ideal to Calvin. It was the most definite and the most dependable fact of his life. If you miss in Calvin the hearty human glow of the personality of Saint Francis, the rich vigor of

Luther, or the tempest of emotion which pulses through the spirit of Augustine, you only feel the more surely how varied are the types of mind and how varied are the personal qualities of those who have been mastered by the evangelical spirit. In John Knox the experience of the grace of God is not taking the form of closely reasoned dialectic, as is true in the case of Calvin. It is taking the form of courageous and unhesitating leadership. The galley slave who sees the distant heights of Saint Andrews and feels a fine assurance that he will yet do his part in the great drama is typical of that high and commanding courage, of that exhaustless faith, which the evangelical spirit has poured forth upon the world. If Geneva became the city of the evangel, Edinburgh dominated a nation whose real greatness was the outgrowth of a high and passionate experience of the grace of God. The fires burn deeply under the quiet exterior of the typical man of Scotland, and no fires burn so powerfully as the fires of the evangelical faith, fires which have made what at its best has been a nation of the piety which, perpetually burning, is never consumed.

Seventeenth-century Puritanism saw the evangelical spirit express itself in new forces and upon a large area of national life. The soldiers of Cromwell fought all the more powerfully because they felt themselves to be warriors by the grace of God. And if the grace of God was mightily present in their hearts, it had quite devoured the fear of man. There is a democratic note, high and majestic and authentic, which is heard in the sixteenth century in Calvin and which moves out to master wider human fields in the seventeenth century. In Milton, of whom we shall have

more to say later, the conscience of Puritanism was joined in wedlock with a taste which had come from the Renaissance. In the Mayflower the evangelical spirit set forth to tame the wilderness of a new land. God was more real than any other fact to the great Puritan. And righteousness glowed before him as a kind of celestial fire.

We have already seen how the ages met in the experience of John Wesley. Now we need to remind ourselves that just as the evangelical spirit was stronger than the Renaissance in the sixteenth century, so it was stronger than a cool and urbane deism in the eighteenth century. The cynical disillusionment of the classes and the hot brutality of the masses met a superior power in the transcendent influences which moved out from the great revival.

In the Victorian Epoch the evangelical spirit confronted an expanding age. The eighteenth-century struggle of England with France had resulted in victory for England in the far East and in the New World. And if a lusty young republic had sprung up on the other side of the Atlantic, that new political adventure represented the traditions of the English-speaking world. Napoleon had been conquered. The era of Metternich had passed and a great idealism began to sweep out over the nations of the West. Even before the coming of the Victorian Era the evangelical spirit had begun to realise its missionary implications. But during this period there was a flood tide of consciousness of world-wide responsibility and world-wide opportunity on the part of evangelical religion. To British men and women the far-flung grandeur of the British Empire doubtless made it easier to think of the

missionary enterprise as a vast empire of the spirit winning its victories as it swept on in world conquest. When David Livingstone died on his knees in the heart of Africa the evangelical type of religion had received the classical missionary expression. Scientist, explorer, adventurer, pioneer of civilisation and of the ideals of the English-speaking nations, David Livingstone was first and foremost a messenger of the evangelical faith which had captured his conscience and put a deathless fire in his heart.

Perhaps this expanding Victorian age gave the world no better or more stately representative of the evangelical tradition than Dr. Robert William Dale, for so many years the minister of the Carrs Lane Congregational Church in Birmingham. There was a certain royal quality in his speech, a certain noble urbanity in the movement of his mind, and a massive strength in all his intellectual processes which commanded the respect and even the reverence of men. He became a national figure. To him there was no realm—mental, moral, social, or spiritual—which was foreign to the reign of Christ. And the heart of all this many-sided life was that inner satisfaction which began when, as he has so nobly described his boyhood experience, he "ceased thinking of himself and began thinking of Christ, and wondered that he should have been perplexed for a single hour." All his brilliant achievement in theology, in criticism, in social and political leadership rooted in his sense of the glory and the practical power of the living Christ, and moved out from the glowing center of his evangelical experience of religion.

The great Revival of the eighteenth century had a

profound influence upon the Anglican communion. Ever since the day of its power there has been an evangelical party in the Church of England. Perhaps that group has not always been characterised by great mental hospitality. Perhaps sometimes it has failed to see the far-reaching implications of its own position. In our own day there is a movement in the Anglican communion which has received singularly distinguished expression in the composite volume of essays *Liberal Evangelicalism.* The writers of these essays claim their full heritage in the spiritual fruits of the evangelical revival. But they are men who give ready welcome to the results of the modern critical study of the Bible, and they are men who live in the mental world in which the work of contemporary science has been done. Dean Inge has suggested that the volume *Liberal Evangelicalism,* in which this synthesis of modern positions and evangelical religion is set forth, will be a landmark in the history of the Church of England. It is clear enough that the acceptance of such a synthesis would mark an epoch in the history of contemporary Christianity. The nuptials of scientific method and evangelical piety would mark a great day in the life of mankind. It is at least a most significant thing that the evangelical spirit, which from the days of the early Roman Empire until our own has made every living vernacular its own, is now speaking with the authentic accents of modern critical and scientific investigation and that quite without losing its own distinctive note. We have already hinted that the evangelical spirit has had profound influence in the United States of America. Not to speak of the glorious men of New England whose piety was their sword and

their coat of mail, and whose piety was distinctly evangelical, such apostles of the saddle bags as Francis Asbury (whom John Wesley, greatly daring, caused to be ordained a bishop of a new church across the sea) literally spread the evangel all over the thirteen little States of the new republic and out beyond its borders. The Middle West and the South gave homes to children of the evangelical revival and the Farther West felt the impress of the same influence. There are many strands in the life of the American republic, and they become more complex and various as the years go on. But the fundamental pattern is that of the evangelical faith. The experience of that faith is one of the most significant matters in the past life of the republic.

Of course all that we have said represents a swift and impressionistic survey and not a close and microscopic analysis. But it is a spirit we have been discussing. And while you can interpret a spirit you cannot dissect it. At least it has become sufficiently clear that deep experiences of the tragedy of human failure, and of the glory of the presence of the helping, friendly God, which express the very genius of evangelical religion, have manifested themselves with mastering power in the terms of every sort of difference of type of life and civilisation. Here we have come upon something structurally related to the very character of human life, something deeper than race, or colour, or culture, or political or social type. For here we have come to the naked soul fighting its lonely battle in the presence of the living God. It has all been put into powerful and memorable poetry. Francis Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* rings with the strange rapturous glory of it. John Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy* finds

blunt and fiery-edged words to tell the throbbing and marvelous tale of it. The story has been told in homely and gritty prose full of the energy of life itself as when John Bunyan followed Pilgrim through the lonely splendid way of his evangelical adventure of living. There is something dauntless about its perpetual emergence in new forms of culture and with the use of new vehicles of thought and expression. No one can understand the making of the contemporary mind or the contemporary conscience who does not understand the evangelical experience of religion. And it is the key which will admit us to the inner sanctuary in the lives of the saints, and which will unlock the doors to the secret places of the world's most significant spiritual history.

## II

## THE STRENGTH OF THE EVANGELICAL POSITION

We have said nothing of the expression of the evangelical spirit in the religious life which is reflected in the Old Testament. None the less that life is the seed-ground of the most gracious and seminal evangelical piety. The symbolism of the Jewish ritual flashes with its insights. The Hebrew prophets rise to their loftiest heights in the rapturous apprehensions which it begets in their minds. We have said nothing of the sounding of the evangelical note in religious experience outside the Jewish and Christian tradition. The student of Mithraism will probably remind us that its doctrine of cleansing has evangelical aspects. The interpreter of Plato's idealism will probably suggest if he understands the essential quality of evangelical piety, that it has profound kinship with Plato's doctrine of participation in a reality above human life. The sympathetic reader of Ralph Waldo Emerson's writings will be ready to assure us that his conception of the "Over Soul" is capable of very hearty contacts with evangelical thought. And so we might go on and on. Probably no religion has been without its red thread of evangelical insight.

We are concerned, however, with these things as they have appeared in the experience of the Christian religion. And so we have considered them in the first lecture of this series. Now it is important that we shall

make careful appraisal and see, if we may, just where lies the strength of the positions seized and held by the leaders of the evangelical faith in so many centuries and in relation to such different types of culture and of civilisation.

It seems a far call to the day when the corrosive criticism, the clairvoyant insight, and the biting, trenchant speech of Thomas Carlyle captured the mind of thoughtful young men all over the English-speaking world. Perhaps we are not, however, so far from that influence as we sometimes surmise. Men like Principal Jacks would admit that something structural in their thought comes from Carlyle, and, even more, that something final in their attitude toward life is received from him. If young men are not reading Thomas Carlyle to-day, they are at least reading with intense responsiveness men in whose forming he had a significant and perhaps in some cases a decisive share. Be that as it may, the power of Carlyle in that other day and the power of his successors in our day is a certain decisive moral realism. And this is the very first of the qualities which give strength to the evangelical interpretation of life. Was it Mr. Kipling who once wrote of a passionately and zestfully curious human being to whom an indulgent Deity had granted the fulfilment of several wishes? The story will come quickly to our minds and we will remember that the first wish was "Open my eyes so that I may see." The request was granted. And stark and hideous, naked and terrible reality stood forth before the gaze of the astonished eyes which had just been opened to see all things as they are. With the chill of an inconceivable horror the adventurous human being beheld it all, and

then breaking under the bitter strain, called out in fierce agony, "O Goddess, make me blind again!"

The men and women of the evangelical experience have seen life with open eyes. They have taken refuge in no subterfuge and no evasion. They have bent their gaze upon the harsh and intolerable reality of the worst that is to be found in the human heart and in human action. And they have not cried, "Make me blind again!" Perhaps it is not too much to say that the evangelicals are the only people who have ever faced the worst there is of life without either flinching away into evasion or becoming sad and disillusioned pessimists. They face the worst and they still keep the light in their eyes and the song in their hearts. This is one of the best things that can be said of the evangelical tradition. It is a tremendous thing to have no specter in the dark which you are afraid to meet. You have already met the worst. Life has said the hardest, bitterest, and most cruel word it has to speak. And because you know the worst there is no darker, more terrible, or more blighting thing to fear. Doubtless it is some such thing that Mr. Bertrand Russell is seeking when he attempts to build his philosophy firmly upon a basis of unyielding despair. But he achieves no such complete candor and he quite lacks the creative energy with which the evangelical emerges from his contact with the stark and bitter reality of evil. This desperate honesty in dealing with the human heart and with the facts of life gives a high ethical dignity to the noblest representations of the evangelical tradition. Men want to be happy. They must be honest. And the only possibility even of joy which is not deceptive is based upon unflinching candor.

There is a great deal of distinguished writing in the world which embodies capable and effective analysis of various types of human evil. The hot breath of the beast is upon much current literature. And the trail of the serpent winds with a sort of tragic purple splendour through writing of many ages in which men, more than half fascinated by the strange light in the serpent's eyes and the coiling grace of his movements, have coined sentences of rare and haunting grace to tell the tale of the allurement of evil. There has been much brilliant writing in which men have found caustic epigrams with which to pour scorn upon the hypocrisies of the seemingly good and the vices of the self-consciously noble. But it is curious how often there is a kind of hesitating fear at the heart of all this achievement. The writer does not quite dare to face the final evil he finds in his own heart and in the heart of the world. He lets the light fall in a way that gives him some comfort. He finds complacency in some subtle evasion, some skilful bit of casuistry. He does not quite face the last bitter fact.

It is the strange and luminous glory of the greatest sort of evangelical that he refuses to build a lovely little cottage of illusion on the cliff which overlooks the vast sea of evil. And the final proof of his honesty is that description becomes confession. He does not save himself by the touch of ethical aloofness which belongs to the spectator. He visualises himself at the heart of the maelstrom of wrong. And with every fibre of his conscience burning with the bitter tragedy of it all he moves on from the discussion of evil to the thing represented by that deadly and terrible and blighting word "sin." He faces the infinite devasta-

tion of sin in his own life and in the life of mankind. He must bend his proud face in the dust as he does this. Yet in a sense a nobler pride remains all the while. He is too proud to be dishonest.

Such writers in America as that shrewd and clever master of darting and corrosive blasphemy, of the distortion of words and the rape of noble ideas, Mr. H. L. Mencken, go down at last on this rock of dishonesty. On certain surfaces they say things with disconcerting skill and sometimes with amazing insight. But when they would turn their bright vessels of the surface to submarine craft the pressure of truth becomes too great as the fragile bark descends, and it collapses completely before it reaches the depths of understanding and knowledge.

Truth is a very deadly thing at last when it confronts the clever liar at a place where he cannot escape. If he tries the air instead of the sea, the bizarre and fascinating little structure which was meant to defy the universe bursts into flame and perishes at the first contact with a flash of truth.

Now, the great evangelicals have had the astounding sort of courage which dares to tell the truth. And so when those tiny flames of winged fire which give a magic fascination to a summer night have all passed away, the men of moral candour come to their own with all the flaming glory of the rising sun.

There is a curious kind of happiness which comes from the searching moral insights of the evangelical mind. There is such a vast amount of casuistry in the world. So much time, so much skill, such wonderful mental acumen are absorbed in the attempt in all sorts of delicate and effective ways to make the worse appear

the better reason. There is a world of exquisite and exotic growths, of subtle and strangely alluring and persuasive perfumes, of a temperature with a sort of fascinating and potent lassitude, where truth seems an impertinence, or, rather, truth itself seems to turn tropical and lose the cool and bracing strength of more robust climes. It is a great relief to turn from all this, to stand on the fierce loneliness of some mountain crag, with wind washed by many a mile of salt and cleansing sea blowing into one's face, and with all the vigour of health and well-being to welcome the cold and biting air. To keep the primitive insight in the midst of the most sophisticated and complicated civilisation is one of the great achievements of the true man of evangelical faith. It is like discovering that two and two most gloriously make four in a world of mathematical relativity.

The keeping of the moral vigour of the world involves much more than the literal keeping of the Ten Commandments, though it surely includes that. It means more than that men should be honest and clean and truthful and that women should be chaste and wise and full of the beauty of unselfish service. It means that these things shall cease to be duties faithfully performed and shall become passions nobly expressed. The glowing fervour of gladness and devotion in respect of truth and honesty and faithfulness transfigures the word and the deed into something which sings like a bird glad at the coming of dawn. The moral law must be renewed again and again as like the returning spring it becomes a passion and a pain and a joy in the hearts of men. This produces the difference between a correct life and a good life, be-

tween the performance of duty and the hot and eager pursuit of a moral ideal. And the insights which perpetually renew the power of all moral sanctions lie at the heart of evangelical experience. The evangelical tradition has lighted little candles and keeps them burning brightly at the heart of every moral duty. And so the moral sanctions shine like stars dotting the darkly luminous curtain of the night.

When we pass on from the moral vigour of the evangelical tradition we come to what without exaggeration may be described as its theological splendour.

When that famous psychologist William James, whose resilient mind and whose capacity for coining phrases of haunting clarity and for making sentences of a sort of triumphant and easily flaming lucidity, wrote *The Varieties of Religious Experience,* he put very little emphasis on the beliefs which are related to all these surging emotions and stalwart loyalties. As a matter of fact, historically there has been the profoundest connection between doctrine and devotion, between theology and experience, and the evangelical experience in particular has been associated with a commanding and august theology. We are not meaning to assert that a man must assent to all the doctrinal positions of Augustine or Luther or Calvin in order to be an evangelical. In fact, it is probable that the organism of theological belief connected with evangelical experience in a time like ours will more and more tend to be something to which men come through that experience rather than something which they possess as a preliminary to it. Indeed, even in the days of his flesh Jesus had been with his disciples for a long time before he felt that it was possible to ask them searching

questions regarding his person. Cæsarea Philippi did not stand at the gateway of discipleship. It was well along in the journey. Yet it remains true that, speaking largely and yet not inaccurately, we may say that evangelical experience has been nurtured upon what it is not speaking too strongly to call an evangelical theology. This will not surprise us when we stop to think that, of course, the mind and heart must be at one in all the supreme experiences of life. Any lack of harmony here will at last disrupt the whole experience. The typical evangelical has made strenuous endeavours to obey the injunction to love the Lord his God with all his mind. And there is a cathedral-like splendour about the theological temple which was thus constructed.

Central in the theology of the men of the evangelical tradition is the apprehension of God.

I think it is in one of George Eliot's novels that a certain character always refers to the Deity as "they" with a sort of dim and distant respect. And even in Shakespeare one finds on the one hand the most glorious hospitality and sympathy for every human type but a strange and baffling hesitation when it comes to the Deity. You have a feeling that Will Shakespeare, clever actor and playwright from Stratford as he was, living by his talents and his brain and shrewdly saving money to live in his home town like a gentleman at last, was never abashed in the presence of any human being. With a sort of shy and understanding friendliness he crept into the mind of a king or a queen, a statesman or a serf and from within he followed the subtle tracery of their thoughts. And so like glowing and invisible quicksilver were his movements that he

not only crossed all barriers and leaped into their minds, but he also swept through the defenses and came triumphantly to their hearts. But that great and gracious mind of his stood half-timid, half-disturbed in the presence of the world of spiritual realities. You have a feeling that he would have been infinitely abashed and ill at ease had he found himself alone with God.

At once you are confronted by the opposite of all this when you come to the man of profound and far-reaching evangelical experience. He echoes the words of Browning's character, "I intend to get to God." At many supreme moments in his life there are only two persons in his drama. One is Almighty God. The other is a lonely man standing with a sort of terrified joy in the presence of the Eternal.

For the evangelical mind must firmly buttress itself upon the ultimate foundations. It must build the house of its faith and the house of its experience upon the unchanging rock. It must build everything upon the being and character of God. Upon the intellectual side you see the contrast between the mood of the Eleatic seeking always solidity, and the mood of the Heraclitus interpreting everything in the terms of change. The evangelical turns from all the kaleidoscopic changes of a baffling world to find solidity, permanence, and finality in God. He is like a weary bird which has found its nest after long and tempestuous flight.

The experience is deepened and made more intense because the evangelical type of man has felt what he had supposed to be solid ground tremble with strange and ominous earthquake shocks. The glorious expe-

rience of this transient world, the manifold human relationships so full of allurement and charm, all come at length to smell of death. He sees the worm eating at the heart of them. He sees the mouldy process of decay in stealthy and aggressive action; and unless he can find his way out of the futility, the lightness, the transitoriness of life's activities and relationships to a vast dependableness and permanence, he is like a snowflake blown for a moment over a dark and engulfing sea. He must be saved from life if he is to value life. He must somehow find that the temporal is grounded in the eternal. He must find God. If the flame of colour glowing in the heart of a flower does not flash its charm from an eternal beauty in the heart of God, then its vanishing loveliness has no meaning which can be made secure. One sees beauty with a sob if it is only an accident in a meaningless world. And so all around the circle of life's meanings. Truth is not truth unless it lives in God forever. Goodness is as fragile as the gauze on a brightly coloured insect's wing unless the Eternal goodness is the source and the power in it all. Nothing you care about deeply or nobly is secure without God. There must be an ultimate holy sovereignty if life is not indeed to become a tale told by an idiot signifying nothing. And all this is made a kind of whitely glowing passion of seeking because of the consciousness of a heart stained and soiled by wrong, a life disintegrated and broken by evil, a conscience bent by a cutting and corrosive guilt, that the only escape from sin is in the perfection of God. The very whiteness which shames is the glory which allures. And the faith of the trembling spirit that the central fires of the life of God will only burn the evil and will

leave something indestructible and joyously good is the supreme adventure of the awakened personality. All this is found in Paul, in Augustine, in Luther, and in Calvin. The sense of the great and mighty God becomes a commanding passion. The greatest thoughts of the Old Testament and the supremest outreaches of the great evangelical thinkers touch the same Alpine heights. Mind and conscience make one ceaseless demand for the eternal and absolute God.

But evangelical piety with all its lofty flights has a hearty and beautiful contact with the gracious realities of human life. If its experience of God makes it sublime, its contact with Jesus perpetually works as an influence to keep it human. The Gospels with their bright winsomeness, with their quick responsiveness to the hope and fear, the joy and pain of life, lie across the path of the seeking mind, and the figure of Jesus makes its own matchless haunting appeal. The philosophy of India has staggered and fallen under the weight of its own speculation, perhaps most of all because it has lacked the sharply concrete and personal tests given to Christianity by the commanding figure of Jesus. It is not that men of the evangelical tradition have by any means always realised how Jesus was affecting their thought. Many of them never thought of these things in large relations. But as a matter of fact, their contact with Jesus in the Gospels gave a new personal accent to their theology and to their religion. The experience of contact with Jesus has given a new sharpness and clearness even to their thought of the personality of God.

But the evangelical has come to his most significant experience in relation to Jesus Christ in the thought

of the incarnation. That divine deed, by which the Eternal God won his way into human life, has mastered the mind and conscience and heart of the men who have approached its meaning with sympathetic understanding in a fashion before which words halt and tremble in their endeavour to attain capacity for description. When Anselm wrote *Cur Deus Homo* his mind was filled with the amazement and transcendent glory of the thought of the incarnation. "God so loved that he gave" is the central utterance of evangelical faith. No Greek tragedy moves to such lofty conceptions as the tale of the coming of the Son of God into the world. A good many modern men and women have made difficulty for themselves because they have insisted upon finding metaphysical solutions before they were ready to open their minds and hearts to moral and spiritual appreciation. All this is rather futile. It ought to be clear that we are not going to find a formula for the incarnation. An ultimate divine act for which a finite mind could find an adequate metaphysical formula would be a contradiction in terms. The wisest evangelicals have opened their whole personality to the rapturous inspiration of the incarnate Christ, and from this creative experience they have come with a patient understanding of the limitations of men's minds to do what thinking they could about the philosophic basis of it all. Every scientist knows that you do not have to know the ultimate nature of a thing in order to have some knowledge of its activity and some capacity for utilizing its power. In any event the God who could come into human life in all the tragic glory of the incarnation has been the central inspiration of the evangelical type

of piety. "He who being in the form of God thought it not robbery to be equal with God but emptied himself"—the words stagger with the weight of their meaning—this has always been a kindling flame in the mind and heart fed and enriched by the theological insights of evangelical piety.

One pauses with a certain awed hesitation as he approaches the greatest matter of all. Professor James Denney was expressing the very genius of evangelical religion as it has manifested itself historically when he contended in that powerful book, *The Death of Christ,* that the cross is Christianity. With characteristic insight Bunyan brought his Pilgrim into the presence of the cross at the moment when the burden fell from his shoulders. Books like Dr. Robert William Dale's great discussion of the atonement remind us how the cross has searched the evangelical mind in all the vicissitudes of a new age and its processes of intellectual and ethical and theological readjustment. Dale's new age has become an old age to us. But we are compelled to come again to the cross which always stands where the roads meet, challenging the attention and mastering the conscience of men. Whatever has happened theologically, the cross is enshrined in the heart of mankind.

We shall have something to say later about the limitations which have sometimes—perhaps too often—characterised evangelical thought about this great theme. Now we must assert quite simply and without the least hesitation that the determining insight of the evangelical conscience regarding the cross is the greatest strength of this type of religious experience in the world. In the presence of Calvary something happens

to us which is deeper than any process of intellectual dialectic, and is more mastering than any highly evolved argument. If we are completely awake in our own ethical perceptions, we come to apprehend that the whole reality regarding the moral tragedy of human life, the whole reality regarding the stainless whiteness of the life of God and the imperishable divine realism, and the whole reality regarding the love of God are expressed in the cross. Here we have not merely great ideas. Here we have the life of God and the life of man meeting in the spiritual glory of a divine deed of suffering love. Here again it is the whole moral and spiritual impression which is perennially significant. "He that spared not his own Son" has softened and transformed multitudes of hearts which could have been reached by no other message. The theology of the cross is just the attempt to give an adequate framework for this mighty moral and spiritual power. The cross is the method by which God finds his way to men in spite of sin.

In the most astonishing way just when we think we have done with this sort of conception the actualities of moral experience force it upon us again. We may be tempted to say at times that the consciousness of sin has ceased to trouble our age. We may feel the vigour of the type of mind which insists that the evangelical view of the cross is an impertinence. We may develop what a Freudian might call a complex of hostility to the cross. But "just when we are safest," to paraphrase Browning's arresting sentence, a sense of moral values from the depths of life, a sudden bit of cutting honesty in our thought, a flash of that awful ethical insight which scorns all comfortable lies, comes

to us, and once again we are in the very territory where the cross speaks with moral command and with spiritual power. The sensitive and understanding conscience will not allow Calvary to be forgotten. And the Calvary which it remembers is the Calvary of evangelical experience.

Despite the theological love for precision a good many of our doctrinal assets are somewhat evasive and intangible. One is almost tempted to say that the doctrine of the Trinity has made a contribution to Christian experience in spite of the theologians. But however that may be, it is quite within the bounds of truth to say that the belief in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit all bound together in the fulness of one divine life, has given a tone of richness to evangelical experience which would have been quite impossible without it. Despite his stern and sometimes rigid monotheism the evangelical thinker has believed in a divine society at the center of the universe. To him the source of the social passion has come from the very interior of the life of God. When he begins to put all this into well-articulated processes of reasoning he may find himself caught in curious and baffling confusions as strange as some of the dialectical processes which emerge when in *Christ the Truth* Bishop William Temple tries to express the relation of the second Person of the Trinity to the life of Jesus during the period of the incarnation. When we find such a bit of arid scholasticism in that which is in many ways so rich and satisfying a book it is a bit discouraging. And there are many such experiences. But in spite of our awkward dialectics the thought of God as Triune gives an ample and opulent basis for all our thought

of personal relations. When he was least aware of it the evangelical believed in society in a subtly different way because he believed in the Trinity.

During the years 1881–1883 that mighty Scottish minister Dr. Alexander Whyte, the greatest preacher to the conscience of his age, brought to Free Saint George's in Edinburgh a series of distinguished scholars and leaders who discussed the great men of the evangelical succession. Each speaker discussed one man. The series began with Paul and closed with Chalmers. It included men as varied as Anselm and Luther, as Calvin and Wesley. The lectures were published in three volumes, and must have exerted a wide influence, with their skilful and understanding presentation, their generous sympathy for varied types of Christian men, and their glowing spiritual power. The golden thread which binds them all together is the experience of that divine grace which makes a man what he never could be without the presence of the living God. The joyous experience of the divine grace expresses the very genius of evangelical piety.

These fascinating biographical studies bring clearly to our minds another aspect of the doctrinal deposit of the evangelical experience of religion, that which we may call, to drop all ecclesiastical phrases, the joyous belief in the emancipation of man. The sense of enfranchisement on the part of the Christian, the sense of possessing the full freedom of the city of God, the sense of the divine grace as a human experience shines like a bright light amid all the darkness of theological and ecclesiastical controversy. Luther's discussion of the freedom of the Christian man glows with the joy of it. Wesley's preaching of the doctrine of assur-

ance, his insistence on "full salvation now," strikes the same note of consummate gladness in an unmistakable experience. The wealth of creative energy which has been released upon the world as men have made this experience their own is simply beyond computation.

One other doctrinal aspect of the evangelical life must be considered. It has always known the meaning of bright doors of hope opening toward the life beyond. It has believed in the exhaustless future of the Christian soul. When Doctor Parker, whose ministry at the City Temple had echoed all about the world, came at length upon death, that section of the religious press reflecting a warm and glowing evangelical piety referred to his passing in terms of joyous and assured faith which brought qualms to certain minds unaccustomed to the expression of the hope of immortality in words of lyrical confidence. As a matter of fact, that foretaste of the joys supernal through the power of faith is a part of the evangelical tradition. Indeed, Stephen, the first martyr, struck the characteristic note when he described in his vision the living Christ waiting to receive him. The evangelicals always carry "bright shields of expectation."

So great doctrines have lived as glowing experiences in the evangelical heart. And the power of this type of piety moves out into realms which are not always claimed for it. The social effects of evangelical experience deserve the most ample research and the most thorough setting forth, so that even in this hurried age men may read while running. The influence of Calvin upon Geneva, the influence of Knox upon Edinburgh and Scotland, and all the effect of Cromwell's leadership upon the land which he ruled

suggest at once the inspiration which evangelical piety has released in society, in the city and the nation. If men of this tradition have not always realised the social implications of their position, there were mighty men who did possess just this realisation. The social effects of the great revival of the eighteenth century were far reaching even if we do not go so far as the English historian who said that it saved England from the equivalent of the French Revolution. One of Wesley's last letters was a protest against slavery, and it is a characteristic expression of the evangelical conscience. Doctor Dale insisted that the great evangelical leaders of Puritanism were his perpetual inspirers as he preached the gospel of the reign of Christ in all the relations of men. The Christian community too has always been a high reality to the evangelical. And although its walls are invisible and its sanctions are unexpressed in gracious and lovely ritual, it none the less holds a great place in his heart.

We must not forget, however, that one of the great sources of strength to evangelical movements has been what for a moment seems the antithesis of what we have been saying, but what really supplements and completes it. And this is the emphasis upon the awful and lonely dignity of the individual. A man may be a serf or a slave, but his immortal spirit has vast and glorious value to Almighty God. So the evangelical leaders have taught in every age. And no man may compute the influence of this teaching upon the whole course of modern democracy. Men were saved from the crushing weight of institutions and tyrannies by their profound belief that each of them possessed infinite worth in the eyes of God. "All souls are mine,"

said Ezekiel six centuries before Christ. And therein he proved himself an evangelical. "Son of man, stand upon thy feet and I will speak to thee," he heard in an hour of beatific vision. The call to the individual to stand on his feet in the presence of the friendly God is one of the creative inspirations of the religious life. And in every age the evangelical has heard that call.

With all its outcome in public affairs, in ecclesiastical structures and in personal character, the evangelical piety has been at its heart an inner communion. Ian Maclaren's "Highland Mystic" expresses something very deeply characteristic of the evangelical experience of the religious life. The environment of the struggling saint may be sordid and ugly, his circumstances may be mean and lowly, his activities may cover the tiniest area and may seem of the least importance, but a heavenly glory has suffused his soul, and that means more to him than all human dignities and all human achievements. The touch of strange and authentic dignity which religion has given to simple people in every century is explained in this experience. A man who is accustomed to the fellowship of the most high God cannot fail to carry himself with quiet dignity in the presence of any earthly greatness. "They took knowledge of them that they had been with Jesus" has its parallels in the lowly saints of every age. The fellowship of the evangelical with the High God whom he worships is always mediated by Jesus Christ, in whose face he sees the character of his heavenly Father. His inner communion is fellowship with a Christlike God. And that communion is given moral dignity and spiritual authenticity because it is never far from the thought of all the great and tragic real-

ities which connect themselves with the cross. John Wesley's class meetings made articulate the glories of this fellowship, and the communion with God became at the moment of its expression a gracious and happy communion with other Christian men and women.

And so the evangelical type of piety has moved on to produce that great product of the mastery of the secrets of the inner life: the Christian mystic. The evangelical movements have been adorned by men and women who knew the meaning of the mystic's paradise of the spirit. It is a high and lonely and dangerous territory which we are entering as we speak of the mystical splendour of the evangelical experience. It is easy to become dizzy, to stagger, and to fall from these far and precipitous heights. But for all that they are the heights of God, and every age needs to hear the long-drawn summons of the trumpets sounded by the pilgrims who move among the passes and the distant ways about these far-off peaks. "Jerusalem the Golden, by milk and honey blessed" becomes an immediate reality at the touch of the mystic apprehension, where unto this day the heart outruns the brain in the discovery of reality. From Paul, whose soul had its own mystic sanctuary, to Fletcher of Madeley the evangelical pilgrim has known happy secrets which baffled the power of the most cunning words to tell. The shining face of some lowly saint in a service for prayer and praise, all too ill attended perhaps in the middle of the week, still tells of the fashion in which experiences which cannot be spoken can be written upon the human countenance which cannot hide its secret of the presence of God.

Of course there is much more to say—perhaps it

may seem that the greatest things of all are yet to be said—so difficult of grasping and holding and telling are these great things. But at least we have hinted at some of the sources of strength in those great evangelical positions, held with such passionate courage by soldiers of Christ in many an age. We have seen how deeply the evangelical type of piety ministers to the essential needs of human nature, with what candour and yet with what high hopes it comes to the inquiring mind and the eager heart.

A few years ago Principal Selbie, of Mansfield College, Oxford, put us all in his debt by publishing a series of lectures delivered at the college over which he so ably presides, a series of discussions of "Evangelical Christianity, Its History and Witness." In the main the lectures dealt with modern expressions of the evangelical spirit in the Anglican, the Presbyterian, the Congregational, the Baptist, and the Methodist Churches, and that church which loves best to be known as the Society of Friends. It is a far-flung battle line of Christian attack upon the world which these discussions set before us. And with all the differences and with all the varieties of temperament and expression, the evangelical note sounds in them all with commanding authenticity. Their lines have indeed gone out to the ends of the earth. And if the evangelical note is not confined to such groups as these—if, indeed, it is entirely absent from no Christian communion—we cannot fail to feel that it has come to singularly effective expression in varied and supplementary ways in these communions.

Is it too much to say that the evangelical accent is the most defining characteristic of a vital experience of

the Christian religion? At least we have seen how searching, how masterful, and how satisfying is its ministry to those who walk in tragedy and confusion, to those who sit in darkness and to whom it comes as a great light.

## III

## THE LIMITATIONS OF EVANGELICALISM

In the year 1879 the Wesleyan Methodist Conference held its one hundred and thirty-sixth assembly, meeting this particular year at the midland city of Birmingham. Dr. Robert William Dale was then in the full glory of his ministry at Carrs Lane Congregational Church. On Sunday evening, July 27, he signalised his appreciation of the great ecclesiastical gathering which had convened in the city by preaching a memorable sermon on "The Evangelical Revival," of which he said Wesleyan Methodism was the most conspicuous movement and memorial.

It happened that during the same year Mr. Gladstone published an article in the British Quarterly Review in which he discussed the sources and the outcome of the evangelical movement. Doctor Dale quoted Mr. Gladstone's description of the evangelical movement as "a strong, systematic, outspoken, and determined reaction against the prevailing standards both of life and preaching. It aimed at bringing back, on a large scale, and by an aggressive movement, the cross and all that the cross essentially implies, both into the teaching of the clergy and into the lives as well of the clergy as of the laity." And he quoted further: "Whether they [that is, the evangelical leaders] preached Christ in the best manner may be another question: but of this there is now, and can be little question, that they

preached Christ largely and fervently, where, as a rule, he was but little and but coldly preached before." Moving out from Mr. Gladstone's thoughtful discussion, Doctor Dale considers the great revival in relation to its outcome in theology, in worship, in respect of the idea of the church and in relation to ethics. It is a hearty and friendly discussion conducted on a lofty plane. It is full of understanding sympathy, as might well be, for on one side of his life Doctor Dale was profoundly influenced by the Evangelical Revival. And he speaks with noble frankness of the limitations of the movement.

When we are considering that larger matter, the relation of the evangelical spirit as an influence moving in and out through the life of twenty centuries of Christian history, we find ourselves in the same mood of real admiration and of respectful criticism which characterised the discussion by Mr. Gladstone and the sermon by Doctor Dale. It is important that we should consider seriously and candidly the limitations of evangelicalism.

Someone once wrote a book about the great country of China in which at the beginning he expressed the difficulty growing out of the fact that China is so large and conditions are so varied that almost any generalisation you make will be untrue of some part of the country. We are confronted by a similar difficulty in considering the limitations of evangelicalism. It has expressed itself in so many centuries and in such diverse relationships that whenever we make a clear and definite statement about its failure at some point, we may expect the prompt appearance of an objector armed at least with the exception which proves the

rule, but from his standpoint with the fact which invalidates the statement. None the less the friends of evangelicalism have a profound interest in the matter of the frankest consideration of those weaknesses which, clearly understood and unhesitatingly analysed, may be dealt with in such a way as to strengthen the evangelical position.

I think it was James Russell Lowell who coined the phrase "other-worldliness" to describe a weakness inherent in a certain type of piety. That this charge has often been brought against evangelicals cannot be denied. As a matter of fact, many of the men who sought refuge in monasteries were profoundly evangelical, and men like Bernard of Clairvaux combined the monastic and the evangelical ideals, holding equal loyalty to each. In every age of the church there have been mystics the very fibre of whose piety has been evangelical, who instinctively withdrew from all the tempestuous currents of the life of mankind. That great evangelical classic, *The Pilgrim's Progress,* tells the story of an escape from the world and not the story of a struggle for the transformation of the world. The evangelical has often been a pessimist regarding the present order. The cataclysmic interpretations which have viewed the world as completely hopeless and have seen no solution for the tragedies of its life except the sudden coming of Christ in judgment have usually been rooted in an evangelical piety deep and strong. This may represent evangelical feeling growing wild, but one cannot deny that it has deep and abiding relationships with evangelical life.

On the other hand one may point to the activities of Calvin at Geneva and of Knox in Edinburgh. One

may remember Cromwell and the great days of the Commonwealth. And Doctor Dale in his very strictures in respect of the Evangelical Revival in the eighteenth century gladly admits its relation to the anti-slavery movement and to the diffusion of Sunday schools all about the churches.

We shall probably be near the truth when we say that the very intensity of evangelical piety and its profound and searching moral ideals have made it easy for men under its dominance to turn with something not unlike despair from the evils of the present order. On the other hand we must add that when the dynamic influences of the evangelical spirit are applied to the affairs of men they reveal a power of almost incalculable greatness. When we think of Bernard in his cell we must not forget the fighting qualities of Cromwell's Ironsides.

The aspects of the evangelical tradition which appear in the Reformed churches are characterised by a great emphasis upon the intellectual aspects of religion. From Calvin's *Institutes* to Sir Henry Jones' *Faith that Enquires* there is a brilliant and powerful process of dialectic. And it cannot be denied that in minds less potent than the clear, strong intellect of Calvin and in processes of thought less nobly subtle than the highly articulated reasoning of Sir Henry Jones the result has sometimes been a very unlovely sort of Protestant scholasticism. There is such a thing as losing all sense of reality in the precise succession of carefully worked out syllogisms. There is such a thing as formal logic taking the place of vital logic and the result is weariness both to the flesh and to the spirit. Even in the wilderness of the Western world the New

England theologians were not free from this blight. I suppose most of us have listened to sermons whose barren and frigid precision suggested a sort of dry-rot of the mind.

Doubtless it would not be fair to lay too much of this at the door of the evangelical faith. On the other hand it is quite impossible for evangelical thinkers to pass the matter by with airy and easy lightness—as if they had no responsibility at all. If we try to blame the wedlock in the nineteenth century between the Hegelian philosophy and the Reformed theology in Scotland, reminding ourselves that in minds less resilient than that of a Caird something formal and artificial was bound to emerge, we have not accounted for the same sort of product in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and we have failed to see that there is a touch of something metallic about the Reformed faith hidden away at the heart of its glorious and noble appreciation of the evangel.

Let us remain with the Scottish Hegelianism for a moment, however. Is it not clear that the tremendous sense of the sovereignty of God which is central in the reformed faith instinctively claims kinship with the philosophic Absolute arising in imperial grandeur from the Hegelian thought? And is it not true in each case that the craving for solidity and finality leads to an ignoring of essential features of conscious experience? Stripped of all the brilliant qualities coming from exposition characterised by intellectual massiveness and poetic grace, is not the final reality of Hegelianism a glorified syllogism and not a person? And has not the passion for an unshakable and immovable foundation in thinking precisely and formally

correct played sad havoc with certain aspects of Reformed theology?

To be sure, the matter goes deeper than this. The experience of the grace of God makes a man deeply happy and entirely satisfied with the sense that he owes everything to God. His sense of sin and folly and failure leads him to distrust every process of his own life. He is afraid of himself. And he comes to the place where he wants even the decision which leads him to God to have a divine and not a human source. Here is the spiritual basis for the doctrine of election, and it fits right perfectly into the doctrine of the sovereignty of God and into the philosophic conception of the Absolute. The religious experience itself may seem from the standpoint of a candid critic to have betrayed the integrity of the personal life. In any event it is only fair to say that the stout Calvinist has not been thinking when he constructed his doctrine of election of those who were left out—they remained a baffling mystery. He was thinking of those who were included. He was buttressing evangelical Christian experience firmly in the divine decrees. Even so in the centuries between the sixteenth and the twentieth it is astonishing to what lengths evangelical theologians of this school have gone in carrying out the full logic of their position. Formal logic was on the throne, and its last behest must be humbly obeyed. Most of this *reductio ad absurdum* of the logic of the sovereignty of God has passed from us. In the meantime we ought not quite to allow ourselves to forget that multitudes of men and women who approached the matter from the farther side, without the happy sense of inclusion, came to have their whole lives embittered by what seemed to them

the shattering cruelty of a theology which brought them to a God who was not like Jesus. It does not seem too harsh to say that in the sternest days of this rock-ribbed theology a flawless argument was treated as if it were of more importance than a moral imperative. The passion and pain of it all when its stress came upon sensitive and eager minds and hearts has been put with memorable power in some of the novels of George Macdonald, of whom I think Sir William Robertson Nicoll once said that he came nearer to reflecting the whole reality of Scottish life than any other writer of his nation. It is at least clear that when the evangelical experience crystallised into a theology in the Reformed churches, there were grave temptations in the path of the theologians which the writers of several centuries were all too often unable to resist. That the Puritan too had ugly skeletons in the theological closet one can scarcely deny.

To be sure, we must not speak of this series of problems as belonging most characteristically to Scottish theology or to the stern rigidity of English and American Puritanism. The battle of giants between Luther and Erasmus regarding the freedom of the will reveals some of the most perplexing of them in full light. Luther, fighting for what he believed was his evangelical experience, made statements which the most enthusiastic advocate of the divine absoluteness and sovereignty would probably hesitate to make to-day. And Erasmus, with his light and easy and terrible urbanity, with no such moral or spiritual depth as Luther, was surely in this tremendous contention on the side of the angels. All of this shows how complicated is the whole situation, and how many qualifications

must be kept in mind in our processes of generalisation regarding the reformed theology. But taking everything together, I think we must still say that the evangelical theologian of the Calvinistic type drove a dangerous steed which was likely to take the bit in its teeth. There is a difference between sound reason and formal logic. And that difference the evangelical thinker needs to keep in mind. As for the preacher, he must know that only when theology is set on fire and glows with the brightness of a great devotion does it become the proper vehicle of a prophetic message.

That a certain ethical hardness and lack of human sympathy came at times from the emphasis on the sovereignty of God must, I think, be conceded. And that the doctrine of decrees lent itself to an aristocratic interpretation—not to say a despotic interpretation of God—is equally true. It is significant that in America just the moment when a human George III was repudiated, the movement of piety which swept across the country was that passionate evangelistic preaching based upon a fierce emphasis on human freedom. The democratic instinct welcomed a message which declared in effect that there was not a glorified George III upon the throne of heaven. And it is interesting that, with all the stout Tory views of John Wesley, Methodism made great advances in England in the very period when the city of London was contending in a more quiet way than the colonists over the sea with George III. Freedom was in the air, and the evangel based upon freedom and responsibility was securing a hearing and a welcome out over the English-speaking world.

Vicarious repentance is always all too easy. And for one who inherits the traditions of John Wesley to repent of the theological and practical shortcomings of those who inherit the traditions of John Calvin may seem less than generous and less than gracious. In any event it is necessary to go on and inspect the evangelical tradition as it has expressed itself in the types produced by the Wesleyan Revival. At once we must remember that it was John Wesley who set the Arminian doctrine on fire with a great evangelistic passion. From the days of Pelagius onward the assertion of human freedom was accompanied by a certain self-consciousness and not infrequently by a touch of pride which the evangelical thinker rightly felt to strike a false note. It was a sound instinct which led Augustine to feel that there was something in the thinking of Pelagius which was not friendly to the deepest—what we should call the evangelical—type of piety. And once and again as the ages passed, the argument for human freedom seemed to find its kinships with views which underestimated the desperate nature of the moral tragedy of human life, and the moral splendour of the grace of God. In fact, it has always been easy to present the doctrine of human freedom in such a fashion as to express rather the behests of a clear and vigorous ethic than the sanctions of a deep and mastering religion. With John Wesley all this is changed. And perhaps his greatest theological significance lies just in the fact that he found a place for the Arminian interpretation of the human will at the heart of the most passionate and powerful evangelical piety. It had seemed most at home with a cool and sometimes haughty rationalism. He led it captive in one of the

great evangelistic campaigns of human history. He gave it a home at the heart of evangelical thought and life.

But with all the fine qualities of Wesley's mind, the range of his mental interests, and the gifts he possessed as an administrator, one cannot claim a high place for him as a systematic theologian. He had plenty of genius for system. He had no supreme gift for theology. In fact, it is scarcely too much to say that Wesley's mind was essentially practical. And we may almost add that in his thinking he was a pragmatist before the days of pragmatists. The intellect was all very well as an organ for the classifying of the results of experience. But the emphasis was all the while on the experience. In one way all this represented a great gain. Among the Methodists the spectres of the formally consistent mind were banished with a movement of the hand as English as it was Wesleyan. For we must confess that, looking at the matter broadly, the difference between England and France is largely that England is instinctivly pragmatic and France is held in the hands of a clear and commanding logic, while in many matters Scotland, with its philosophic tendencies and its shrewd practical gifts, is a half-way house between the two. More in Scottish history than the story of the unhappy Queen Mary reminds us of connections with France. Had the Huguenots been triumphant, all sorts of ties now broken would have been retained between Scotland and France as the centuries passed. However this may be, the pragmatism of Wesley made a new place for a type of evangelical piety which glowed with all the passion of the gospel, but paid rather small attention to the ultimate intel-

lectual postulates and the ultimate intellectual conclusions involved in this experience.

Doctor Dale put the matter with sufficient frankness when he declared that the great revival of the eighteenth century had not produced a first-class or a second-class theologian. The truth of the matter is that all branches of Methodism have suffered from their lack of interest in theology. There was a period when in certain Methodist groups in England the best young men received their theology from Doctor Dale himself, feeling justly that in his case the great revival had had something to do with producing a theologian who was well above the second class. And this influence has been very noble and far-reaching. The various Methodist communions have produced capable theological thinkers not a few, but it can scarcely be claimed that the genius for creative theology has been theirs. In *The Christian Faith,* by Professor Olin Alfred Curtis, which has been called the most acute attempt to systematise theology since the days of Hodge, one does find the Hegelian passion for a complete and organic view of truth, and one does find a mind at work with fine capacity for seeing Christian doctrines in a form highly yet vitally articulated. But the genius of Methodism has not lain in these fields. The glowing piety of its richest days has not settled into the form of an intellectual dialectic. We must admit that all of our communions have suffered because of this. If there has been a gain in freedom of movement, there has been a great loss in firmness of texture and in intellectual and philosophic depth. The Reformed theologian comes back from his study with marks of this sort of theological struggle upon him which the brightly pragmatic

Methodist may well envy. We must see then that if the evangelical type of piety sometimes suffers from overemphasis upon the intellectual formulation of its experience, it is possible very definitely to suffer from a failure to see the importance and the necessity of just this formulation.

The piety which emerges in great revivals—whether under the leadership of Jonathan Edwards or John Wesley—and particularly when under the leadership of men who understand the subtle relationship of the things of the spirit less than they, always runs the risk of developing a sentimentality which does not fully realise its relation to the stern sanctions of the moral law. Antinomianism lurks somewhere as a menacing shadow in the neighborhood of every great revival. The triumphant gladness of the heart flooded with a sense of the presence and the glory of the love of God is a great force when it is connected with the moral tasks of the individual and the social life. On the other hand it is easy for it to degenerate into a feeling enjoyed merely for its own sake and quite out of relation to the kingdom of God. Whenever you have a feeling cherished apart from its basis in the ethical life and its outcome in conduct you have a subtle and dangerous sort of vice. Perhaps the most astounding thing about a great revival is that some of those who participate in its ecstasies must be protected from the spiritual equivalent of adultery. The emotions are wonderful steeds, but a mind with profound sensitiveness for ethical realities should be holding the rein whenever they go forth upon the highway of life.

The relation between evangelicalism and sentimentalism has, as we shall see later, its parallel in the relation

between humanism and romanticism. In each case the great matter, and a difficult enough problem it is, may be stated in the requirement that we keep the fire without allowing that fire to become conflagration.

When evangelicalism expresses itself in the evangelistic effort represented by great revivals there is always a just and powerful emphasis upon the individual. The lonely soul sees itself set apart in the presence of the living God. When Newman suggested that there were times when God and his own personality were the only realities of which he was sure, he was moving in territory very familiar to the roused evangelical conscience. There is a kind of imperial dignity about the individual soul alone with God. And even the crassest evangelistic appeal is not without this dignity.

But very frequently it follows that there is all too little emphasis upon order and solidarity. There is a touch of spiritual anarchy about the overemphasis upon the significance of the individual. It is not a happy thing to think of the endless microscopic sects which have arisen in the evangelical communions. They may often like the moon be dead planets. But they revolve about solid evangelical bodies. And it is not quite possible to deny their parentage. There have been many evangelical communions, large groups of whose members can scarcely be said to have had a profound understanding of the meaning of the great phrase "the body of Christ."

Oddly enough, quite within the evangelical groups we find a situation where the danger—if danger there is—lies in the opposite direction. The genius for organisation has been a very significant factor in the

success of Methodism. And there have been times when this highly articulated machinery may have developed more rapidly than the spiritual forces which were meant to control it. There is always a danger in the sort of efficiency which is developed when the body is not controlled by the soul. For the ideal we may paraphrase the odd words of Ezekiel. The spirit of the living creature must be in the wheels. The machinery must be dominated by moral and spiritual passion. It was a very wonderful thing that spiritual fire and highly articulated organisation were so combined in the Wesleyan Revival of the eighteenth century. The heirs of that movement must see to it that they do not come upon the tragedy of inheriting the organisation without also inheriting the spiritual power.

It is something of a paradox, and yet such a paradox as life is always producing, that the very type of piety which has called into its service such powers of organisation has sometimes been accused of so emphasising the conversion of the individual that it has forgotten the needs of society, that it has been incapable of thinking in terms of social regeneration. One must move very carefully here. The commanding name of Hugh Price Hughes and the far-reaching service of the great Wesleyan Missions indicate a deep and understanding approach to the problem, and the presence of the desire to meet fearlessly and honestly the vast social need. In the United States of America such a prophet of social passion as Professor Harry F. Ward, and a host of men who share his ideals and his hopes, indicate the presence of a powerful and persuasive leaven of social passion in Methodist life. But looking over the whole field of the evangelical churches and remembering in

England the movement which began with Kingsley and Maurice and on the American side with such names as that of the great pioneer Josiah Strong and that man of superb gifts for social leadership Professor Rauschenbusch, and in our own hour such a stimulating teacher of the relations of religion and social science as Professor Ellwood, it must still be admitted that all too often the passion for a regenerated individual and the passion for a renewed society have been set over against each other, as if they must come to the clenched antagonisms of terrible conflict. Too often the right hand has said to the left, "I have no need of thee."

And every occasion where evangelical piety has failed to make room for social passion has been an indication of a situation which helped to produce a variety of reaction which has resulted in the presence of a type of religious life full of social enthusiasm but without adequate evangelical roots. There has been a type of business man who has been perfectly willing to accept Christianity as a religion of personal renewal and to conform his individual relationships to the behests of the gospel, but who has been strangely slow to see the social implications of this same experience. Probably every notable social reform of the last hundred years has been opposed by some men of assured and unhesitating evangelical piety. That this has produced widespread bitterness of heart cannot be denied. That it has led disillusioned men and women to question the moral authenticity of evangelical piety is much to be regretted, and yet that this should be so is not too difficult of explanation.

There are few matters in which a little practical

application of the Hegelian dialectic would be more fruitful. If we regard individual piety as the thesis, and social passion as the antithesis, surely an individual man with his life renewed by the grace of God working for a society renewed in the same fashion is a synthesis, which we may humbly and yet with assurance declare to be after the fashion of the mind of Christ.

Men of the evangelical type have often been accused of fear of life and of fear of beauty, and this accusation has been particularly associated with the name and the influence of Puritanism. We shall have more to say at a later time of John Milton. Here it must at least be remarked that his writing is an illustration of what Puritanism could be when the love of beauty and the love of righteousness were united in holy wedlock. The Restoration brought a license and a debauchery before which the stern conscience of Puritanism drew back in horror. There was enough to call forth the proud disdain of men who believed in decency and to whom clean living and clean thinking represented foundation stones of any permanent structure, political or ecclesiastical. But the eruption of the hot vices and the corrosive passions of men from the heart of the volcanic mountain did more than arouse the hostility of grave and serious men. They were amazed and bewildered. It seemed as if the very structure of good living was being destroyed. They were filled with a terrible and mastering fear of evil. And once and again they failed to make clear and close distinctions. The fear of evil did become a fear of beauty. And it also became a fear of life.

The men who put the deepest ethical quality into the life of England and the men who were laying the

cornerstone of New England civilisation all in a measure felt the impulsions and the inhibitions of some such experience as that of which we have spoken. Sometimes the results seem to us trivial and futile enough. A bit of colour on a woman's bonnet became a thing of evil. A robust sea captain returning to the port of Boston was put in the stocks because after an absence of seven years he actually kissed his wife in public. The bright gayeties of life were feared and distrusted. The clouds and darkness of it all are set forth with the skill of a master of artistry in some of Nathaniel Hawthorne's New England stories. Of course it is easy to overemphasise this aspect of life either among the later Puritans of New England or among the founders of the Puritan colonies in America. At its worst, life was not as unhappy as those fierce young intellectual radicals who are now repenting of Puritanism and all its works would have us believe. Indeed, it may be questioned if these hot-headed and hot-hearted young libertines with such hauntingly restless eyes at all know the meaning of such happiness as came to the Puritan youth who had offered his heart to the burning of no wild and vagrant fires, when he came to the supreme human passion of his life and gave an unwasted manhood with stern but joyous loyalty into the keeping of the one woman who had ever roused the depths of that profound nature of his. It is possible for a man to have so many futile and lawless passions that he becomes incapable of a grand passion. The stern Puritan with so mighty a fire in his heart beneath so rugged and often so inexpressive an exterior knew the pulse and the passion of a life far more potent than ever comes within the area

of many a dilettante who goes through the world tasting all sorts of fruits delicately and without enough personality to make him capable even of sinning with mastering passion. After all only a world with the moral vigour of Puritanism could produce Milton's devil.

James Russell Lowell once wrote some verses, not published, I believe, in his collected works, in which he spoke of the Puritan founders of New England:

> "They were rude men, unlovely yes but great
> Who prayed around the cradle of our state.
> Small room for light and sentimental strains
> In those lean men with empires in their brains.
> Who their young Israel saw in vision clasp
> The mane of either sea with taming grasp.
> Who pitched a state as other men pitch tents,
> And led the march of time to great events."

Take it all in all, we will be wise if we are rather circumspect in offering our supercilious pity to the men of the Puritan tradition on either side of the sea.

But when all this is gladly admitted it remains true that somehow the thought of escape from life gained too strong a place in the later Puritan mind and became too dominant an influence in the growing evangelical tradition. The City of Destruction was a place from which you would flee. It was not a place you would transform and make a city of God. Isaiah's vision of his city of Jerusalem as a righteous town seemed only applicable to a group of serious evangelical Christians who, away from the fierce allurements of the world's pleasure and the cruel onslaughts of the world's persecutions, could build for themselves a commonwealth of God.

Of course all of this was complicated by the fear of that historic church which with all its asceticism

had shown such a hearty—sometimes too hearty—understanding of human nature with its faults, its foibles, its gayety and its comradeships, and to the mind of the Puritan had kept near to the unregenerate mind by keeping superstition and idolatry inside the church. The Latin tradition was feared with an acute fear. Everything about the church service which suggested the gorgeous pageantry and the regal ritual of that ancient faith was turned from with hostility. The man who felt that a Christmas tree with candles involved a surrender of his thoroughgoing Protestant position felt a kind of fierce pride in his rigid attitude. On the one hand was the conception of the church as an organism involving the whole nation, including men saintly and secular and prodigal. On the other was the rapidly maturing conception of the church as an organism consisting of those who had come out of the world and shared the new life in Christ. The one was inclusive. The other was exclusive. So the Puritan developed into the Separatist.

That he had much to say for his position we are not for a moment denying. That a broad church Erastian like Thomas Arnold of Rugby in the nineteenth century could find much to say for his position we are equally far from denying. That there is a distinction between actual participation in the body of Christ through oneness with his purpose and fellowship with his character, and the lack of it on the part of those who do not share in Christ's aims or accept his will, we must never deny. But what we are saying just now is that the whole moral and spiritual psychology which turned the Puritan into a Separatist had many effects and many by-products in the life of men. And we are

venturing to suggest that the reaction did go too far. That view of the Christian life which regarded it as an escape did not, in fact, cover the whole area of possible and desirable Christian experience. That type of piety which feared beauty and thought of it as a foe and not as an ally did indeed sometimes render sadly incomplete service to the whole cause of Christianity in the world. Noble spiritual services may be held in an ugly church, and one may find in them great and satisfying communion with God. But it is easy to fail to understand—I do not think that even Doctor Dale, who had discussed the matter in his high and urbane fashion quite understood—how much tragedy lurks in the shadow even of ecclesiastical ugliness. Of course this is only an indication of an attitude. But when the attitude becomes pervasive it has implications clear enough to everyone. The great inheritors of the Puritan tradition would be the first to disown those men of extremes who believe that you can only be sincere by being crude, and that any touch of loveliness savours somehow of ungodliness. Yet all about the world there are too many men whose behaviour seems to be influenced profoundly by the extreme position. Perhaps it is not putting the matter too strongly, even when we remember how many gracious and lovely spirits have arisen to call the evangelical tradition blessed, if we say that evangelicalism must come to a new appraisal of beauty.

Those who would turn from the evangelical piety and all its works as they look back on days not too far behind us have one bitter and fatal word of condemnation. That word is Mid-Victorian. It is true that we must all admit the smugness, the complacency, the

unconscious and sometimes the conscious hypocrisy which at times disfigured the Mid-Victorian type. It was sometimes prudish. It was sometimes betrayed by false modesty. It was sometimes afraid to face the hard and sordid and brutal facts which lay before its eyes. And no doubt the widely diffused evangelical piety which became so influential in the century which followed the Great Revival must be brave enough to bear its share of the blame. On the other hand, at the moment we seem so taken up with repenting of the vices of the Mid-Victorians that we have quite forgotten their virtues. Where there was shallow and uncritical optimism there was also a noble and soundly buttressed faith. Where there was too tropical a piety there was also a solid and gracious and permanent upbuilding experience of the vitalities of religion. Where there was a subtle evasion of life there was also a fearless and victorious confronting of life. The Victorians were swayed by great thoughts, great ideals, and lofty hopes. The men who can only be sincere by being petty, who can only be honest by being sensual, simply reveal how far below the standard of the best Victorian life they have fallen. If the evangelical must repent humbly as he reads the chronicles of the Victorian period, it is also true that he finds much for which humbly and yet most gladly he can thank Almighty God.

And so we might continue. It is at least clear that evangelical piety has not moved through the world without mistakes and blunders and not without tragic sins. Are the limitations of the mighty movement indigenous and essential? Or are they of such a nature that the real genius of the evangelical experience can

be maintained without their appearance? The curious fashion in which they appear and disappear are seen in one group and not in another, are seen in one period and not in another, suggests the answer. We must not confuse the essential evangelical life with the limitations which have characterised its historic activities.

## IV

## THE SPIRIT OF HUMANISM

Dean Inge in his downright way has called the Greeks a "nation of splendid mongrels." And a pen less pungent than his might easily write about the volatile, versatile people who have made the Greek name immortal in phrases which would not suggest a pen dipped in honey or a mind glowing with an admiration in respect of which there was no thought of qualifying words. Yet when all is said and done most of the things which give distinction and grace, and many of the things which give fundamental power, to our Western civilisation come from Greece. As a matter of fact, we are all more Greek than we know, and the man who said when Matthew Arnold died, "There goes our last Greek," simply proved that he understood neither Arnold nor Greece. And it is particularly true that it is to Greece that we must go when we try to understand the spirit of Humanism, a quicksilver-like influence which has appeared in flashes of light, has passed out of sight and then as suddenly emerged, and altogether has had much to do with moulding many of the finest minds of the last twenty-five hundred years. To be sure, contradictory things have been said about it, and different and hostile organisms have drawn the name over their bones for the sake of its protection. For all that, let us beware of the fallacy of definitions. Let us see humanism in action and so discuss what sort of spirit it is.

At the risk of putting it rather strongly, suppose we begin by saying that until the Greeks no one had felt completely at home in the world. Men were always under a shadow of some sort, and usually it was the shadow of a terrible and menacing religion. The earliest age of architecture has been characterised as the age of fear just because of this sense of frightful danger in the background all the while. Probably it is better to call this first age of building the period of challenge. Man feels the terror in the darkness and stands erect to meet it. Great structures like the pyramids thousands of years ago struck the note so masterfully adumbrated by a modern poet in the words, "I thank whatever gods there be for my unconquerable soul." At all events whether you think of the tombs of Egypt and the temples of Babylonia and the palaces of Assyria as the expression of an age of fear or as the outcome in building of an age of challenge on man's part as he confronts the mystery of the universe and the hostility of the forces about him, you cannot think of the period as one when man was at home in the world. The Assyrians told much of the story of their deepest life in the lions and bulls which were the product of their art, strange creatures with human heads and with the glory of wings. They may seem quite unnatural or even monstrous to us, but they repay the profoundest and most sympathetic study. For here we have in solid form the expression of the intuition that in man there is a fierce beast, in man there is a keen and pursuing mind, and in man there is some high and mounting aspiration which would like to fly. What a tragic and yet splendid thing is a life in which the ferocity of the lion or the strength of the

bull meets the taming power of the rational mind and all the glowing energies of the instinct for flight! To have these strange and divergent elements fastened in one individual, the beast tugging at the rational mind, the mind placing its foot upon the beast in the mastery of cool rationality, and the creature with fiery wings, the imagination, the spiritual fire all the while trying to mount to celestial heights—what a picture of the menacing tragedy of human life! What a picture of its flashes of golden glory! But with that fundamental contradiction in his own nature you cannot think of man as at home in the universe. He meets the alien in his own inner life and the terrible questions: Who is the alien? Who is the master? Is the beast to rule? Is the creature who can know and think and remember to dominate? Is the creature with wings to come to the place of power? Long years later Victor Hugo wrote, "I feel two natures struggling within me." Alas, the matter has never been so simple as the telling epigram of the great Frenchman would lead us to suppose.

It will be clear, then, that against such a background there is a certain obvious meaning to the assertion that until the Greeks came no one had been really at home in the world. Fears without and foes within had characterised the world of which men were a part. But with the Greeks all this is changed. With hearty, infinitely curious, very friendly eyes men look out upon the world. They are interested in everything. Herodotus is a popular historian because every Greek had a Herodotus in his heart. There is an attitude toward the gods surprising, even astounding. For all the gods and goddesses are just sensitive, responsive, glittering,

brilliant Greeks. They were treated with great distinction, to be sure, but there was a strange absence of that abject abasement in the presence of the Deity which characterised Oriental religions. Was it because the gods were smaller? Or was it because the Greeks were greater? At all events, the Greek carried himself with a kind of urbane assurance through the experiences of his religion. He never completely forgot himself in his religious observance, and if he indulged in Dionysian ecstasy, there was a shrewdly observant spectator inside him somewhere who never quite surrendered even in the most hectic hour. He had a curious instinct for avoiding the emotional abyss. Aristotle's golden mean was a part of the Greek attitude toward life long before the days of Aristotle. Excess of any kind was ugly. And that excess of feeling which dethrones the intellect he turned away from with a deep and instant repulsion. But perhaps even more important is his quite simple assumption that he has a right to set up a standard. The universe does not dominate him. No mighty force before which he cowers coerces him. He makes his way fearlessly and with a kind of sprightly assurance. The principle is put with complete clarity and finality of expression when Protagoras declares that man is the measure of all things. It is the individual of whom Protagoras is thinking and Socrates recognizes possibilities of ethical and intellectual anarchy in the principle so stated. He rises from the unit to the group. He rises from the individual to the class. Not the individual man but humanity is the measure of all things. The clever and endlessly brilliant contradictions of the Sophists follow in the wake of the principle of Prota-

goras. The whole of the formal logic in the work of Aristotle grows out of the development of the thought of Socrates. That man is at home in the universe, that he finds some sort of standard in himself, at all events in the human group if not in the individual, that he and the world fit as a hand fits in a glove—this is the basal position of that emerging attitude toward life which one day is to have for itself the great name of humanism. The note which it sounds with a kind of steady and dauntless triumph is the note of confidence. All the wide and varied observations of Greek men of science grow out of this confidence. That rational quality which they have found in themselves is also present in the world. The patient and detailed following of clues and suggestions in all the things about them resulted in a mass of actually scientific observation which fills even the modern savant, with all his utensils of exact appraisal and analysis, with astonishment and admiration. But there was behind the confidence and the care of observation an expectation of finding harmony, a belief in truth as not only orderly but as lovely. This was a part of the very central experience of a typical Greek. The instinct for subtly integrated beauty was a part of the very life of his spirit. And it soon became more than a quest. It became a creation. His language was an achievement of the superbest quality. It takes a race to make a language, with all the help which comes to the race through the service of gifted individuals. And the race which created Attic speech wrought with a supreme artistry. No other such highly articulated instrument for the expression of human thought and feeling has been created by the mind of man. Delicacy

and firmness of texture, grace and clarity like that of the atmosphere of a perfect day, a wealth of sounds capturing meaning and evasive suggestion and palpitating feeling, an organ of the closest and most tireless dialectic, and an instrument like an Æolian harp which tunes all of the winds of life to haunting music, a speech for the busy market place, a speech for the bright hour of friendly human chatter, a speech for the stately discussion of affairs of state, a speech for all the varied classifications of the observant mind, a speech for all the far journeys of the speculative philosopher, a speech for epigrams and paradoxes, for lyrics and epics, for description, for invective, for memory and passion and hope, a speech like a great organ with authentic response for every essential meaning of human experience; such was that Greek language, wrought to perfect and responsive quality in Attica, the first complete achievement of humanism in the world.

Greek literature is, of course, the very distillation of the Greek spirit. Its reserve, its insights, its sudden blaze of beauty, its chaste, quiet power, its lovely harmonies—all of these capture that delicate bloom which might so easily have vanished from the world without leaving a memory. You know that you are in the world of the Greek spirit before you have read long in the Iliad, for even in Homer its assumptions are more significant than its assertions. You feel its quality in the great tragedians of the fifth century. You look upon its waning light in the Greek Anthology. And so one might go on. The proud confidence, the high restraint, the bright curiosity, the exhaustless beauty of mind—all these are here, and all are bent

into the gracious harmony which is the very central passion of Greek life.

The art of Athens simply takes the same spirit and turns it into the still immortality of sculpture, the serene loveliness of columned temple, or some other form in which the invisible bends the material to its own purpose. Here again it is never beauty in isolation. The temple once built belongs on the cliff. You can scarcely conceive of the one without the other. It is all the elements together which work out the articulated grace, the completed beauty which satisfies that deep, indeed, that deathless sense of harmony.

The city state is an attempt to express the Greek spirit in political forms. A radiant ideal was set forth in Plato's Republic. A critical and historical approach to the matter was made in Aristotle's *Politics*. Here, as always with the Greeks, the human spirit is moving analytically and with a certain ample mental power to study the nature and to work out the character of the structure.

Of course there is vastly more to say. We have only attempted to hint at that accession of confidence in man, his mind, his nature, his capacity to understand and utilise the world and to apprehend the nature of beauty and even to create it, all this with caution, reserve, and high restraint—this wedlock of confidence and poise of passion and restraint which gave quality to the Greek spirit at the very hour when humanism is born.

Rome was for centuries the home of a humanism which had its own graces and was characterised by its own beauties. Rome represented a civilisation with a vast capacity for appropriation. Rome was a nation

of organisers rather than a nation of thinkers and poets. It was a nation of engineers rather than a nation of artists. Whenever the Latin mind was dealing with ideas it became self-conscious and awkward. It produced an empire of consummate expediencies. It did not produce the sort of genius which has the power of a fresh and kindling contact with reality. In the study of human customs, in the codification of laws, in all that had to do with organising tribes, nations, and races into the wide-lying and imperial unity which made possible the Pax Romana the Latin mind was at its very best. In the concrete and baffling problems which meet the engineer it proved its metal. But in the subtler tasks having to do with a first-hand contact with truth and beauty and the central secrets of personality, even its loveliest wares give you the sense that you have seen them before, that they have been offered upon another counter.

You have a particularly urbane and gracious expression of the qualities of Latin humanism in the writings of Virgil. To be sure, he possesses an inner ear which is always listening to sweet and delicate strains poured in upon his spirit from Attica. But he has a deep significance in relation to his own time and people. Rome had narrowly escaped a frightful anarchy—so at least it seemed to Virgil—and had come to noble and fruitful quiet in the lofty tyranny of Augustus. Virgil had become so afraid of all the grim lawlessness of anarchy that he was only too eager to accept the rule of Augustus for the sake of the quiet and prosperity it would give. Really it was freedom which was being lost. And really Virgil set about gilding the cage. But he was ready to surrender freedom for the sake

of that high-bred and gracious and benevolent despotism in which, as he thought, there would be a new comfort for all the world and in which all the arts would flourish. So he wrote the *Æneid* to clothe the rule Augustus founded with all the grace and loveliness which his genius could bring to it. We shall not at the moment stop to ask the full significance of this humanistic tribute to tyranny. Would the humanist always forgive the despot who would find some city brick and leave it marble? We only observe that the humanistic spirit did not entirely trust that genius of liberty which it had called forth. It is a hint of the far-reaching aspects of that great question of the relation of humanism to democracy.

Lucretius in his *De Rerum Natura* reveals humanism in the very characteristic attitude of defiance of superstition. The old gods are not escorted politely to the edge of the world by Lucretius with very gracious thanks for their services as they are bowed out. One fears Lucretius did not have the urbanity of the later Frenchman. But he did hate prejudice. He did want broad and solid truth. And he did believe with a certain unhesitating assurance that the human mind can cast out superstition and get down to the bedrock of actuality.

When we think of Marcus Aurelius, in whom stoicism came to the throne, we see humanism come to be a formal state policy. The notion that there is such a thing as humanity became very clear to the Stoics. It was entirely clear to Marcus Aurelius. The thought of the law of nature as the law of human nature, as the basis for laws for all mankind, is now becoming a firmer and surer sanction. Through the

Justinian Code at last it will become influential in the legal systems of all later forms of Western civilisation.

Roman building is often engineering more than architecture. The Latin teaches architecture how to lie very charmingly. That column so graceful and lovely supports no weight. You need to see the hard concrete wall behind it. Ruskin did not light his lamp of sincerity for many a century. If one with a mind like his had tried to light it amid some of the artificial splendours of Rome, at times it would have burned very low. Building was massive. It did reveal strength. There was imperial power about it. It was said that Francis Bacon wrote like a Lord Chancellor. In quite the same sense it might be said that the Romans built like world conquerors.

Cicero may as well stand as a typical figure of the urbanity, the wide-ranging intellectual curiosity, the skilful capacity for taking a hand in large affairs, the thoughtful, serious mind, at home in many worlds and in many affairs, which Rome so brilliantly produced. He is very human. And I think we are likely to feel friendly toward him. Ought one also to speak of Quintilian? With a word of hearty appreciation for his sense of the meaning of culture one may speak of him. And without playing too much upon the word "rhetoric," of which one thinks inevitably in connection with Quintilian, is it too unfair to say that Rome was quite inclined to produce rhetoric rather than literature and to leave it at that?

No, one cannot quite leave it so. That capacity for far-flung organisation, that benevolent thought of the world as one, the large-mindedness of Roman law, the

wonder of the Pax Romana, the shrewd understanding of the fashion in which the most alien sorts of people can be taught to become one in the unity of the life of a great empire and yet retain their own individuality —all this is a great achievement, a great inheritance of the humanistic tradition in the world.

True, there is a sense in which the classic forces of life and expression form the basis of humanism rather than humanism itself. There is a certain deliberate consciousness of turning back for inspiration and for guidance which comes with the Renaissance. But, on the other hand, the simplicity and the directness and the unconsciousness of the classic expression of humanism give it a charm which is all its own.

The Middle Ages see clouds and darkness everywhere. The barbarians with their cool strength and their hot passions have a tremendous contribution to make to our Western civilisation. But nobody would think of classifying that contribution as an element in the service of the humanistic spirit to the world. Through hundreds of years the Christian Church went about the task of taming the barbarians. The world was rude and rough enough. It had its own spiritual ideals and its own haunting dreams. And in the background there were awesome and bewildering fears. The repudiation of the world became the highway of sainthood. Escape from society and not the transformation of society represented a widely diffused Christian ideal of the period. Feudalism was at least a call for law in an age of disorder. Nations began to arise upon a definite basis of actual authority. Chivalry taught men to dream gracious dreams. Contradictions met upon every highway. The Crusader

returned to Europe clear-eyed and curious with a new sense of life and a new taste of the larger world. Constantinople fell in 1453. The knowledge of Greek came in a new way within the reach of Europeans. Then things began to happen rapidly enough. The discovery of America gave men a new geography. The invention of printing gave a new method for the spread of knowledge and all the grace and beauty which took literary form. The sense of failure and turpitude and moral evil and spiritual danger which had been heavy upon the world was pushed aside by another spirit. A new sense of life was felt all over Europe. There was a new joy in nature. There was a new joy in beauty. There was a new happiness in scholarship. The pagan classicism which Christianity had forced down rose again in Italy, and for a time the Papacy itself became brilliantly and joyously pagan. Men went back to the Old classic world to redress the intellectual and æsthetic wrongs of the New. The Middle Ages seemed to many to have been a disease. The Renaissance came with the cure. Life was not to be repudiated. It was to be enjoyed fully, zestfully, with infinite activity and with infinite grace. After a thousand years of darkness the sun rose again. It was a bright pagan sun, and a virgin at some forsaken shrine, a learned virgin wise in the story of humanity, might have reversed the words Swinburne later put into the mouth of the Roman emperor, and have cried as she witnessed the resuscitation of paganism, "Oh, Julian, thou hast conquered." After a thousand years when observation had counted for little, men began to turn inquiring eyes upon nature again. Roger Bacon had passed out little understood and little appreciated

in the thirteenth century. But in the sixteenth century the spirit of Roger Bacon began to come to its own.

The deathless beauty which lay clasped in the embrace of Attic sentences bloomed again in the minds of men. The sense of beauty as a thing to be desired for itself, loved for itself, and crowned for its own regal qualities came again to men. The urbanity of the great days of the classic world once more walked abroad, mastering the manners of modern men walking the streets of modern capitals. Petrarch in the fourteenth century had passed over into the promised land of taste and culture and frank interest in man and all his fascinating human relations. Now men frankly lived in that land. Eternity had hung like a weight upon the world for a thousand years. Time at last was to have its innings. And it was springtime, with roses blooming and lovely scents and lovely forms haunting the imagination of men everywhere. Was it almost true that since the fall of Rome no one had inhaled the fragrance of a rose in sheer joy just because it was a rose? At all events now the flowers were blooming, the gardens were full of joy. Spring had come. It was man's own world at last, and from their old world the men of Attica, who with noble taste knew how to quaff the last satisfaction in the cup of life, had come to teach the world how to sing and dance and be full of joy. How had men forgotten so long the meaning of youth and joy and the sparkling wine of life? Let Attica and Italy be joined in a toast to perpetual spring!

Farther north the Renaissance appeared in more sober garb. And it had its profound relationships with the Protestant Revolt. The humanist became a

scholar, using all the resources of the art of printing to diffuse his classical knowledge, and sometimes caring very little for art. Here we come upon the commanding figure of the Dutch scholar Erasmus, the very prince of humanists. The study of the life of Erasmus is a veritable course in the pervasive and powerful influence of the humanism of the north. Erasmus possessed a great advantage in the existence of an international language of scholarship. For Latin was still just that sort of medium in the early sixteenth century. There was an international Fatherland of the mind. Latin was its language and there is a sense in which Erasmus was its uncrowned king. The art of printing furnished a method by which learning could be disseminated as had never been possible before. And Erasmus' editions of classical authors and his own shrewd and incisive and skilful comments became part of the equipment of well-made men all over Europe. The new enthusiasm for Greek which had entered the world after the fall of Constantinople in 1453 was a burning passion by the time it reached Erasmus. And the influence of men like Dean Colet had brought Erasmus to see the relation of the whole movement to the Greek New Testament and to the clearer apprehension of the meaning of religion.

Erasmus was a man of singular clarity of mind and extraordinary audacity of wit. He believed very deeply in the power of the sharp-edged pen. He felt assured that you could laugh out of court some of the worst things in contemporary life. And the *Praise of Folly* echoes and reechoes with the subtle and incisive mirth of the well-bred and ironic mind. There is a kind of darting quickness about his intellect. He is

capable of the most wonderful sort of mental fencing. He thrusts and turns and is ready to parry the most skilful counter thrust. He could pronounce a sentence of death upon an opinion he opposed by means of one deadly epigram. A monk by training, he had the mind of a well-made gentleman of the Renaissance. He loved light and feared heat. He loved clarity and instinctively avoided passion. He possessed every sharp instrument of analysis and every gift for lively, appealing, and memorable exposition. Latin was anything but a dead language when Erasmus wielded the pen. He set his own blood throbbing in ancient words, and phrases which had been used in the Forum in the days of Julius Cæsar gleamed with a new vitality as they fell from the pen of this Dutch humanist in the sixteenth century. Europe was like a storm-tossed sea and this captain of ideas with quiet assurance walked the deck of his little ship, making for port after port. He was astonishingly influential. At times his dream of a Europe responding to the surgery of the deft ironic blade of a humanist and remoulded after the fashion of the clear, cold light of the mind did not seem quite impossible. Humanism never made a braver attempt to be true to its own nature and to do its own work in the world amidst the clash of circumstances and the heat of the contending passions.

Seventeenth-century France was a curious and interesting expression of humanism as a sort of glorified good taste. Louis XIV was in entire social distinction and high graciousness and dignity of manner the very beau ideal of a grand monarch. He even played billiards like a ruler in whose every motion the loftiest sanctions of taste and noble manners expressed them-

selves. The France of the seventeenth century fell heir to that classic tradition to which good form was a supreme sanction. It was Cicero rather than Plato whose face you could see in the shadows influencing like a king from his tomb the spacious gentlemen who moved about the court of Versailles. The church itself became the home of a glittering and urbane grace of speech. The great court orators bent before the most masterful Latin tradition in respect of dignified yet lovely rhetorical forms. Massillon, Bourdaloue, and Bossuet gave a kind of imperial distinction to the expression of the truths of the religion of the Nazarene. If the church was Christian at heart, it wore a gown of purple whose folds fell like the robes of a Cæsar lifted far above the cries and the vicissitudes of common men. And so from church and state in France a kind of imperial good taste went out over Europe. Politeness had become a code of morals. Gracious urbanity had become a religion. The French court gave the law to all the courts of the Western world. The crude barbarities of the Middle Ages were softened. Classic grace and classic charm appeared in the smallest and crudest Teutonic court. Humanism through the influence of Louis XIV seemed to have become a gold-bound book of etiquette for all the world.

The eighteenth century saw the complex movement of many currents in the life of Europe. Not least fascinating is the emerging of a Slavic power into the actual life of the Western world. Peter the Great, a barbarian with a cry for civilisation in his heart, had opened a window through which Russia could look toward Europe. And the Slav with an untamed heart

and a fascinated mind began to take on the ways of Europe. In the fulness of time that great composer Tschaikowsky put the passion and pain and tragedy of it all into a great symphony which will tell the tale to understanding minds and hearts through the centuries. This came later, but the thing which the master of harmony put into haunting music was occurring in the Russian heart all through the eighteenth century.

But all Europe found complications entering into its life. Science was becoming capable of a technique, a method, and a view of life. The call of nature was being turned into the passionate romanticism of Rousseau. The critical mind was developing and men were beginning to think of such a classification of human knowledge and such a view of human attainment as was finally worked out by the encyclopædists. Humanistic influences moved in and out of all this more like quicksilver than ever. In Voltaire you have a cool lucidity of mind and gifts of singular transparency of expression in which the words seem only a very clear atmosphere through which the object is seen in perfect outline and color. Voltaire is the master of surfaces seen in brilliant perspective. His mind can be corrosive and destroying, but he would claim that it is the foes of liberty against whom he lifts up his banner. There is every evidence that the humanistic tradition had the profoundest influence upon the mind of Voltaire. The clear, cold light of reason is a light kindled long ago in Attica.

The matter is not so simple with Goethe. All the currents of life played upon him. The Romantic influences had their own profound effect. Scientific observation of the modern sort was a vivid interest.

But with Goethe also it may be said that if you leave out the humanist you leave out something essential to the man. It must be a keen and understanding sympathy which, moving through all the complexities of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, finds all the quick and skilful emergings of the humanistic spirit, often when least expected, always holding a light aloft, always sure of itself, always insisting upon its right to be heard.

To be sure we are not even attempting a sketch of the history of humanism. We are only trying to see some of its characteristic expressions in the life of man. Even so, we must not forget that humanism has had a profound relation to art. In Italy this influence took two forms. On the one hand there was a going back to classic urbanity and classic grace. On the other there was a new delight in the human form and in natural beauty. The happiness in the presence of human grace, the worship of the beauty of the human face, the renewal of gladness in every bursting bud of beauty—all this, as well as the stately recovery of classic forms, bears the seal of the spirit of humanism. For we must never forget that humanism is something vastly more than you can press even within the covers of such a monumental work as Sir E. Sandys' *History of Classical Scholarship.*

Humanism is a spirit which has profoundly influenced philosophy. As we have already seen, when Protagoras said "Man is the measure of all things," he was a humanist. When Socrates moved out from the individual to the group he was a humanist. The case of Plato is not so simple. The transcendental aspect of his doctrine of ideas is not an expression of

the humanistic spirit. And it belongs to a very different realm. On the other hand all the factors of his thinking which come from an observance of man and of human life do bear the humanistic impress. The dialectic by which he reaches the idea of justice is a piece of pure humanism. Aristotle is a humanist as he builds up his ascending scheme of things based upon observation and classification. In his conception of pure contemplation he is expressing the impact of influences which are not humanistic. The philosophies of conduct, Stoicism and Epicureanism, are to a degree the product of humanism. The general principles emerging in the Pythagorean philosophy, the views coming, for instance, from the study of mathematical and musical relationships, at once suggest influences going beyond the range of humanism. Speaking in general, we may say that whenever metaphysics begins with transcendental principles and works in toward man you do not have a movement over which the influence of humanism is presiding.

There is a touch of humanism in the Middle Ages with the appearance of nominalism. Realism is, of course, essentially transcendental. Descartes is moving in a humanistic fashion when he doubts everything but the existence of the ego which doubts and upon that conscious fact builds his philosophy. There is a curious interplay of humanistic and transcendental elements in much modern philosophy. Kant's *Critiques* are an illustration of the combination, as are Hegel's processes of dialectic.

Recent philosophic thought has seen a recrudescence of humanistic influence. Lotze's *Microcosmus* in a sense gave a lead. And all the forms of pragmatism,

the activism of Eucken, the creative evolution of Bergson, the pragmatism of James and the thinking of Schiller bear a profound stamp of humanistic influence. Schiller, indeed, gladly accepts the name. The personal idealism of Hastings Rashdall bears the same mark, and Earl Balfour's philosophy has profoundly humanistic roots. Of course there are often other elements. Bergson's study of instinct is scarcely a piece of humanism. And very often there are assumptions and speculative explorations which go beyond the humanistic horizon. But speaking broadly, such philosophic processes as those we have indicated are based in one way or another upon working out the full implications of the validity of essential human experience. And so in their presuppositions and their aims they express the spirit of humanism. From the intellectual life of the Methodist Episcopal Church in the United States of America there has come a type of personal philosophy associated definitely with the name of Professor Borden P. Bowne, one of the keenest and most incisive and critical philosophers America has produced. His studies of the theory of thought and knowledge, of metaphysics, of theism, and of ethics, are based upon the appeal to human experience, and the assumption that it is valid unless it fails to make good the claim. The critical dialectic carries the thinker far. But it is all soundly based in the fundamental insights of humanism regarding the mind and the nature of man. It is at least significant that a church whose very fundamental appeal is to Christian experience should have produced as its most commanding philosopher a thinker whose appeal is to human experiences and all that is implied in its organic functioning.

The relation of science to humanism is not a matter easy to unravel. On one side it is clear enough that humanism creates the type of mind ready for the observation and classification of the scientist. And we know that it worked out in just this fashion in ancient Greece. It is not putting the matter too strongly to say that from one point of view science is a great humanistic adventure, and that the scientist in all his explorations is essentially a humanist in action. But when we have said so much we at once begin to suspect that perhaps it is more than should have been said. There is something relentlessly objective about the body of scientific results, there is a tendency in a certain type of scientific generalisation to reduce man to a very small and unimportant place in the universe. There is often an ignoring of the values the recognition of which has constituted part of the very genius of humanism. All of this makes us do more than hesitate. It makes us feel that there is a possible construction of scientific postulates which will make them the foes and not the friends of humanism. Perhaps with sufficient accuracy we may put the matter in this way: when science is conscious of the whole process by which its results were obtained and of all the human activities involved in that process, there are genuine elements of humanism in the view which emerges of scientific achievement. When, on the contrary, the body of scientific results is regarded as an impersonal and objective mass of material organised according to mathematical relations, then more and more humanism is driven from the scene. It must be admitted that all too little critical thinking has been done about the relation of science and humanism.

When a good deal of clear and straight thinking has opened up the subject, better days will come for all of us.

Humanism appears early as the critic of the superstitious element in religion. Its preliminary attitude toward religion is usually a bit stiff and self-conscious, with perhaps more than a trifle of condescension. We shall have much to say of these relations in the lectures which immediately follow. In the meantime we will only remark that a religion in some sense centering in a belief in the incarnation must in the very nature of the case have very profound humanistic contacts.

This quick and impressionistic account of some examples of the activity and the relationships of the humanistic spirit must at least give us a clear understanding of the fact that humanism is a constantly broadening river in the life of the world. It washes many lands as it moves onward toward the sea. All the interests of the world, all the busy and turbulent activities of tribes and nations come to feel the pressure of its waters sooner or later. Indeed, our figure of a river pouring its life through the heart of a continent seems to break down, and we reach vaguely but definitely for a figure built about some stream moving through all the oceans and touching every human shore.

The world is not just an easy and happy home for the humanistic spirit. Its light thrust, so slight if so sure, angers the big blonde giants of the world, especially when they resent the movement like quicksilver of an intellect so subtle and delicate that they do not understand it. But the sinewy figure of the knight of humanism with his Damascan blade appears and reap-

pears. You cannot overwhelm him. He is always ready for another fight. The broadsword of your anger somehow fails to do execution against his gentle, fatal, well-bred wit. This David with a line from some Theocritus upon his lips seems a foeman worthy the steel of any Philistine.

Sometimes the irony of humanism seems to be as delicate as the fragrance at the heart of a flower. Why should we be afraid of it? But the wise have learned its power and its menace. The laugh of the humanist is more terrible than an army with banners.

The inrush of barbarity all over our Western civilisation in the years following the World War has set the lines for a new battle between the forces of humanism and those more brutal impulses long inhibited but now widely released whose victory threatens the whole inheritance we have received from the discipline and the culture of the world.

I have said little of the United States of America in this discussion of the spirit of humanism. And I suppose that if Matthew Arnold were still alive, he would admit that if one does not speak of the United States when discussing humanism it is for the very simple and adequate reason that there is nothing to say. I do not believe that is quite true. One thinks at once of Professor Paul Shorey with his high and flaming watchword, "The passionate pursuit of passionless perfection." One thinks of Professor Basil Lanneau Gildersleeve, who made the study of Greek a flaming and glorious thing at Johns Hopkins University. One thinks of—but let us be content with one name and one achievement in America and so bring this lecture to an end.

Someone in an expansive mood, and yet not entirely without justification, called Paul Elmer More the Sainte-Beuve of America. At all events it is not too much, I think, to say that he is our most commanding and our most erudite humanist. The eleven volumes of the Shelburne Essays tell the story—at least they tell a good deal of it. And the hundred and twenty-five—or thereabouts—essays introduce one to a mind with certain roots in American soil but with roots in almost every significant civilisation of the Western world. The whole literary achievement of Greece is at the end of Mr. More's tongue—or of his pen, as you choose to put it. He knows the expression of the Latin genius in writing with entire adequacy. He is at home in every period of English literature. And he has a real citizenship in the world of modern European writing. Then he was once a professor of Sanskrit, and he knows the brooding quiet depths of Indian literature with a singular sympathy. He sees everything in the terms of everything else. He has what amounts to a genius for tracing out the ancestry of ideas. He follows the trails of a seminal thought through period after period and civilisation after civilisation. He expresses himself in language dripping with honey from many hives, yet withal austere in a restraint he has learned from the Greeks, and vigorous with the straight and pungent energy of his own mind. In a way a nation comes to judgment when it sees itself in the eyes of such a son, and Paul Elmer More has given many a young man a new æsthetic conscience, as year after year the volumes of the Shelburne Essays have come forth, stern, unbending, full of deep and dauntless passion, passion which somehow

gives a throbbing heart of beauty to the cold splendour of his Attic taste.

For upward of twenty-five hundred years the humanistic spirit has been in the world. It is an æsthetic imperative which commands not a hesitating loyalty but an undivided allegiance. Bright, illusive, austere and splendid it looks in upon us, and if we are capable of understanding it, haunts our dreams.

# V

## THE STRENGTH OF HUMANISM

"I AM a man, and all that concerns humanity is of interest to me," wrote the Latin poet Terence. And so writing he gave expression to a characteristic mood of a certain type of humanism, a mood which has perhaps come to fullest expression outside the immediate range of classic influences, and as a part of the large movements of modern democracy. This brings us at once to the rather difficult question of the relation between humanism and democracy. I think it must be admitted that that vital and powerful movement which bears the name of democracy has many roots. Some of them go down into humanism. Others connect themselves with far different soil. That view of essentially human values and of a law of human nature which came to notable expression in Stoicism Greek and Roman has surely poured deep and fruitful inspirations into the gradually maturing democratic consciousness. And such an experiment in government as the Free City of Athens and such political forms as those represented by the Roman Republic all had their place in giving an ideal and a hope which would haunt men's imagination and at length become the basis of fruitful political experiment. But the Athenian Free City was free only to its citizens. Most of its inhabitants were slaves or men and women who had not been given the franchise. And neither the

democratic experiments of Greece or Rome proved able to work out a solidarity in which freedom was maintained. Protagoras' conception that the individual man was the measure of all things was one of those seminal ideas capable of the most far-reaching applications. Along all these lines we may say at least that ideas favorable to democracy came to be held in solution in the minds of men.

When we move over many centuries and come to that Declaration of Independence on the part of the American colonies which so profoundly influenced the public documents of the French Revolution, we are in the presence of a movement to which the influences of humanism gave very definite stimulus and inspiration. The Declaration of Independence and the French enunciation of the Rights of Man do not spring precisely from the indirect influence of classic humanism. But they are profoundly humanistic documents. The full consciousness of the political significance and prerogatives of the individual man came to the Old and the New World toward the end of the eighteenth century. The Declaration of Independence was issued in 1776. The Bastile fell in 1789. The clear and cogent thinkers who gave a theoretic basis to the French movement never forgot for a moment either the thinking or the action which had taken place on the other side of the sea. The era of political humanism had dawned. It owed much to the thinking of men like the English philosopher Locke of the seventeenth century, and the stirring inspiration of the writings of Rousseau. But its vitality sprang in large part from a living movement of the human spirit on both sides of the sea at the end of the eighteenth century.

This sense of the rights of man moved out in sometimes strange and fascinating ways in the new continent. George Washington by every tradition and instinct was an English gentleman. And his political principles made their home in a life full of the reserves and inhibitions of this tradition. Thomas Jefferson was swept by gusts of democratic feeling which were quite foreign to the temperament of George Washington. But for all his ways of appealing to the mass of men, his home in Virginia carried out the old and stately and gentle tradition. In fact, to a good many of the leaders of the life of the early republic the new nation was meant to be a "government of gentlemen, by gentlemen, for the people." When that highly disciplined and capable gentleman of New England, John Quincy Adams, was defeated by Andrew Jackson in 1828—a defeat from which the Adams family has dated the decadence of the United States of America—it became evident that the popular forces might be too much for the aristocratic forces in the young republic. Democracy was in the blood of the lusty little nation and had taken the bit in its teeth. All of this represents a particularly interesting experiment of political humanism in action. The crisis came, of course, in the days of Abraham Lincoln. A group of gentlemen with democratic political conceptions had founded the republic. In the eighteen sixties the nation met the most cruel and terrible sort of test—the test of bearing the strain of civil war. And it found at its helm not a highly sophisticated gentleman, not a member of the New England Brahman group, not a graduate of Harvard or Yale or Princeton, but a raw, crude man from the prairies of Illinois. In its hour of supreme peril

democracy chose a man of the people as its leader. It is unnecessary to say now how triumphantly Abraham Lincoln met every test. That raw human personality of the wilderness, aflame with some spiritual quality learned from the Bible, and glowing with a political sagacity learned from taking a few fundamental documents with great and noble seriousness, knowing men through the intimate contacts of common life, knowing the power of lonely and brooding meditation as well as understanding all the quick turns of the minds of the men who walk the streets and live on the farms, rose with every increasing and terrible demand of those tense and burdened years, until he took his own place among the men of mastery whom our Western civilisation has produced. The effect of all this was overwhelming in America. It is hardly putting it too strongly to say that over large areas democracy ceased to be a set of political postulates and became a religion. The cabin of Lincoln's boyhood became a symbol to every poor and lonely lad in the land. And so in America political humanism became a passionate and joyous spirit of democracy.

Much of this is far enough from the stately serenity of Greek or Latin humanism. The sculptors who have tried to give Lincoln's form a classic repose and a high urbanity have not given us the sense of surest understanding of the man. The disciplined taste of the humanism we know the best was far enough from the rude and vigorous simplicity of much of Lincoln's speech. Yet you cannot deprive him of his place in the humanistic succession. And when you read the Second Inaugural with its lofty and restrained and somber eloquence, and the Gettysburg Address with its direct-

ness, its chaste dignity, and the deathless magic of its great phrases, you think long, long thoughts.

There is a humanism which is based upon the thought of noble discipline. There is also a humanism which is based upon the acceptance of life, and the appropriation of all its richness and fulness, even of its rawness, and perhaps of its coarseness.

Here one thinks at once inevitably of Walt Whitman. He was a humanist without the capacity to make necessary distinctions. In the hearty and hilarious welcome which he gave to all of life he forgot that there is a difference between mountains and plains. And he forgot that there are such things as poisonous growths. But in frankly conceding his limitations we must not forget the great qualities which characterised him. There was a tremendous gain in a freedom from that sophistication which substitutes an artificial standard for a real experience. The winds from the prairies and the seas blew clean and clear through his life. You have a sense of vast expanses. You have a sense of joy, the joy of life and action and sight and thought and of deep and honest feeling. Human life has a kind of directness and vigour and fine and fearless energy as it is reflected in the best writings of Whitman. His undisciplined humanism is a phenomenon of very genuine significance.

But the joyful interest in every sort of human life for its own sake is, of course, a far older thing than the writings of Whitman. You find it in ancient Greek poetry, you find it in descriptions of Herodotus, you find it in flashes of the Greek anthology, you find it in crisp and pungent Latin writing. And for our purpose you find it in a particularly appealing fashion

in Geoffrey Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales.* That insight of genius which chose a highway as the scene of the *Canterbury Tales*—a road to the shrine of the great Thomas à Becket—was sure and true in its fundamental humanism. For, of course, a road was the one place where everybody met everybody else in the fourteenth century. And on the road priest and king and serf each had his own place and his own rights. The fourteenth century itself goes marching down the road as you read the *Canterbury Tales,* and the hearty human quality of it all captures your interest and not infrequently tugs away at your heart. For that shrewd, wise and kindly man Geoffrey Chaucer has a place in his thought and even in his affection for every sort of folk. And he makes you glad to meet them all as you travel toward Canterbury.

Of course this sort of thing was done once with supreme power, and that achievement is the most notable literary inheritance of the English-speaking world. William Shakespeare has told us nothing about himself—unless the Sonnets whisper strange, sad secrets—just because he has told us everything about everybody else. It may seem a far call from the precise and brilliant scholar Erasmus to the adventurous player Shakespeare, but the humanism which enables us to see the colour and the variety of human life, to visualise each character with a sharp sense of its individual meaning and quality, receives its full and ample expression in the plays of the Bard of Avon. There is no room for William Shakespeare in that mind just because all humanity is there. The human scene is infinitely alluring to this player, who receives every character into his heart before he finds tell-tale phrases

to reveal his secret to the world. The Renaissance blew like a wind through Shakespeare's mind. It was not a matter of formal discipline. It was a matter of instinctive appropriation of something which was in the air. The Old Worlds of Greece and Rome lived again for him. He could find more actual contact with the spirit of antiquity through reading Plutarch's *Lives* than most men could secure through a university education based on the classics. And England lived to him, the England of the hundred years' war and the Wars of Roses, and of the keen, tremendous national spirit of the days of the Tudors. It was all so real to him that a phrase from his pen gleamed with its fire like a star in the night. To live with the men and women of his plays is to feel the ebb and flow of the very ocean of human life, to see it tossed in tempest, or lying lovely in the moonlight, or joyously awaking to greet the dawn. Humanism which apprehended differences and yet transcended them, which perceived distinctions and yet saw the whole human picture of which they were a part, a humanism whose sympathy was never exhausted and whose moral insight was as sure as it was unconscious—all this Shakespeare represented in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, and all this he represents to-day.

The humanism which has appreciated and interpreted and appropriated all the rich variety of human life has had a long and fascinating history. The great fiction of all the modern Western literatures has felt its impulsions. At its best it has disseminated sympathy and understanding throughout the world.

But humanism has also brought in its wake an intel-

lectual quickening. The kind of intellectual curiosity which you find in Aristotle is a very characteristic product of its spirit. It is the sworn foe of the sluggish mind. It stabs us awake with perpetually new interests and perpetually new surmises. Francis Bacon was more than a writer of brilliant prose. He was the possessor of a mind which quickened other minds. He saw things as if they had not been seen before. He saw them in relations which had not occurred to other men. He used the bright pictures of his kindled imagination for the furthering of the processes of thought. To come within the area of his thinking was to find a sort of electric energy in the whole intellectual atmosphere. He was always lighting a candle in some place of mental obscurity. And in all this he well represents the quickening quality of the humanist in every age.

In a way of course Socrates set it all going. The wilder Sophists had made the life of the mind a perfectly lawless game. They were intellectual pirates and cutthroats who sailed the high seas without any sense of a responsibility to truth or to the sanctions of law. The flag they lifted bore the symbol of no recognised government of the mind. And in upon this chaos the Socratic irony came with a sort of terrible and baffling simplicity. Nobody could be as innocent as Socrates seemed. And certainly Socrates himself was not. No one could reduce a conceited ass to obvious discomfort as could this solid, ugly man with the bewitchingly magnetic personality. And out of all the chaos, with his strange and disarming humility and his awful ironic power, Socrates was building up a sound and stable world of the mind. If a man had

the solid and high-bred seriousness of Plato, he surrendered to Socrates and remained with him until he died. If he had the darting indirection of the mind of Alcibiades still he could not resist the sheer grace and flame of the mind of Socrates. Back to him he came again and again.

The question of the degree to which the thinking of the church in the Middle Ages felt what may be called an indirect impact on the part of influences humanistic in their origin has an interest of its own. It is at least true that the framework of the thought of the church had humanistic connections. Peter Lombard's sentences are based upon an ideal of intellectual completeness which is classic in origin. Saint Thomas Aquinas' *Summa* owes much to humanism, though it is not a humanistic document. One may put it in a sentence by saying that whenever you find traces of Aristotle then you may have a certain assurance of humanistic influences. In a sense at least the thought of the Middle Ages was poured into humanistic moulds. But it was often enough a matter of form rather than of spirit. It was the Renaissance which brought antiquity as a living, breathing influence into the world again. Of course the mood of the earlier period which went to Aristotle rather than to nature to study the physical universe was not humanism; it was obscurantism.

In connection with the observations we are making regarding humanism as an influence of intellectual quickening probably something should be added to what has already been said about the relations of humanism and science. There is a sense in which the scientific spirit and the scientific method stand in their

own right in the world. We think of Roger Bacon not as a light of humanism but as a luminary of science before the day of science. It is also true that science began with handicaps which it did not owe to a possession of the critical coolness of the humanistic intellect but, rather, to a lack of just that quality. Alchemy has a curious enough relation to chemistry, and Paracelsus is astounding in his combination of the man of science and the quack. It may seem best to think of science and humanism as belonging to quite different and unrelated departments. But, of course, this cannot be done. And such a little book as Professor James Harvey Robinson's *Humanizing of Knowledge* (in which the title is innocently free from any thought of contact with the historic activities of humanism) shows how easy it is for a certain type of mind to apotheosise a system of impersonal relations without at all understanding the personal activity which discovered these relations and which utilises them. Perhaps there is no more fundamental need which characterises the intellectual life of our time than that of seeing every stage of scientific progress as a human adventure, and of taking full and adequate account of the relation of the outreaching human spirit to the whole enterprise. Such a method puts a new spirit into scientific activity. As a result it attains to all the glow of humanistic enthusiasm without losing anything in the way of scientific precision.

The fear of science as the ultimate stultifier of the artistic impulse was brilliantly expressed by Watts-Duncan in the novel *Alwyn*. "The Quest for Wonder" became almost a battle cry on the part of the embattled spirit facing a process of being entombed in a

universe where only mathematical and mechanical relationships exist. Professor Alliota's *Idealistic Reaction Against Science* analyses and criticises the same scruples.

But the situation has never become desperate. As a matter of fact, even so powerful and fearless a dialectician as Mr. Bertrand Russell gives us great assurance when he begins to discuss a universe in which all humanistic values become incidental and without permanent significance. As Professor H. G. Wood has pointed out in the very able volume, *Living Issues in Religious Thought,* an examination of the inner inconsistencies of Mr. Russell's thought hidden in the web of his brightly woven dialectic reveals many things. The man who repudiates the humanistic sanctions in the name of science soon falls upon the necessity of assuming with one breath what he denies with the next.

The truth is that science tends to a certain aridity when it begins to fight humanistic sanctions. Even the analysis of what we have been pleased to call matter involves a good many essential assumptions regarding the mind which does the analysing. And even relativity cannot be completely discussed without reference to Professor Einstein. It must perhaps be confessed that the modern Western mind is rather thin at the point of knowledge of the history of the physical and the biological sciences, and the philosophical implications of that history. But when we see the enterprises of the mind of man for what they are—the perpetual adventures of an inquiring spirit—then it is not too hard to keep within the area of our appreciation the concrete results of the exact sciences, and that

potent activity of the creative human spirit without which science would not exist in the world.

Turning again to that humanism which is classic in its origin, we may say probably without even a touch of exaggeration that it has provided an æsthetic conscience for the modern world. It will be perhaps as good an approach to this aspect of the influence of humanism as the contemporary mind—at least the mind which expresses itself in English—can make to consider Matthew Arnold's personality and his long fight against those whom he was pleased to call Philistines in the name of the sweetness and light of a sound culture. Simply to study the quiet and faithful school inspector is not to come upon a sense of great illumination as to the meaning of Arnold's life. And the somewhat foppish, self-conscious gentleman with a tongue whose sharpness knew no hesitations and considered no alleviations does not entirely suggest sweetness and perhaps brings to our mind lightning rather than light. But, of course, a good deal of this is the protective covering of a singularly sensitive nature. One should begin with Matthew Arnold's poetry. "The Scholar Gipsy," with its wistful sadness expressed in distinguished phrases of chaste beauty; "Dover Beach," with its reverberating note of cosmic passion and pain; "Rugby Chapel," with its lofty spiritual grace and the noble march of its sentences of sustained and majestic idealism—these and many another tell the tale of a finely tuned human spirit, expressing with lofty restraint the tale of human confusion and bewilderment and pain. The experience is human. Often it is modern. But the heart which feels it is pure Greek. And the mind which creates the sentences is suffused

with the very spirit of Attica. The Essays—for all their swift and audacious thrust—express the same personality, disciplined by the Greek sanctions and boldly and dauntlessly confronting a world of invading and flamboyant barbarism. The truth is that in far more matters than they know, many of the best minds of our time in the English-speaking world see matters of æsthetic taste with eyes which Matthew Arnold has given to them. And that means eyes which have been given new powers of seeing and new qualities of insight through the application of Greek standards of taste.

If we may select one influence among many, the Essays of Sainte-Beuve reveal the power of a fine and urbane humanism profoundly influenced by its classic origin at work among the clear and glowing minds of the French. You have a touch of warmth and a flash of hearty human sympathy in Sainte-Beuve which one does not look for in Matthew Arnold. The very fact that Saint-Beuve so delighted to write about people, that he chose the Portrait as a characteristic medium is definitely revealing. Matthew Arnold represents a humanism which is preoccupied with principles. Sainte-Beuve represents a humanism which is all the while thinking of persons. But with all the sympathetic understanding which is so appealing an aspect of Saine-Beuve's writing there is always that clear, cool light of the analytic mind, and there is always a background of high and commanding standards. Parnassus may lay down the law with fine and gracious urbanity in the writings of Sainte-Beuve, but you have not read his essays to the best purpose if you have failed to realise that Parnas-

sus is laying down the law. The suit of armour is made of the most precious metal and it has an almost silken delicacy. But it is a suit of armour for all that. And you find here the art—characteristically humanistic—of discussing a theme which is either lowly or lofty in such a fashion as to give it a kind of distinction, indeed, a sort of loftiness, by the very manner of discussion, and at least the loveliness of words chosen with infinite delicacy and infinite tact. In society once and again humanism has tried to give men the manners of gentlemen. In its most characteristic criticism humanism sets about giving men the minds of gentlemen.

Here we can scarcely avoid a word for the battle of the sternest leaders of the humanistic faith with what they have regarded as a terribly dangerous and malignant growth, namely, with Romanticism.

Without discussing its other relationships it is clear that Romanticism has roots which go very deeply into the life of the northern races which have built up the world we of the West know best to-day. And perhaps especially the Teutonic peoples of our Western civilisation have poured rich zest for Romance into the heart of the world. The old Teutonic folk lore, with its magic and its light and airy-winged way of taking leave of reality, reveals the tendency as early at work and as profoundly influential. In one way we may think of Romance as escape. It turns with scorn from the too, too solid materials which make up actual life and creates a glorious imaginative world of its own. We are not at all interested here in denying that there is a legitimate Romance, a romance on the way to reality, and not on the way from reality. The grace and loveliness of many a Celtic legend expresses more

than gossamer dreams. But it ought not to be hard to see that once you have entered the magic land you can, if you will, play fast and loose with the integrities of experience in a sheer abandon to rich and luscious and lawless emotion. Even wonderland must have a code which does justice to the fundamental truth of life in all its high relations if wonderland is not to be brought a trembling culprit to the bar of justice at last. Even a fairy tale must be true although it never happened and never could happen.

And, of course, this has been just the weakness of Romanticism in many a land. That chivalry which Cervantes satirised with such powerful yet understanding irony in *Don Quixote* went to pieces at last because it was quite unable, to use a modern figure, to keep in a state of ethical and spiritual solvency. And now having used that figure we may as well be daring enough to go on and to say that fairyland is all the while being tempted to inflate its currency. It seems to forget that there is such a thing as liquidation.

The humanist with a stern classic conscience in matters æsthetic was quick to see this. And he sensed with a bitter and devastating wrath that false feeling which sets coloured lights shining everywhere in a garden of artifice which has no real or honest place in the life of the world. We may illustrate crudely yet clearly enough what we mean by the difference between a Christmas tree and an apple tree. The Christmas tree has bright and gaudy decorations. It bears endless gifts. It glows with bright lights. But it produced none of them. They have no organic relation to the life of the tree. They are just hung there. On the other hand the apple tree pours the very essential qual-

ity of its life into the apple. From the very seed everything has been on the way to the apple. For this strength has been taken from the soil. For this the rain has been quaffed. For this the sunshine has been captured. For this the tree has worn a garment of bloom and of green. The apple is the expression of the very nature of the tree. Humanism has loved apple trees. Romanticism at its worst has simply doted on Christmas trees.

Of course one would not deprive one bright-eyed child of the merry pleasure of a Christmas tree. But there is all the difference in the world between a Christmas tree as a vehicle for the harmless happiness of children once a year and a theory and practice of life and art based upon the fallacy of the Christmas tree.

We are not at all intending to give a list of bad examples of Romanticism in action. The poetry of the last two thousand years furnishes examples enough. Whenever feeling has been pursued apart from its honest sources and its deep and permanent relationships you have had this sort of Romanticism. Great poets have not been free from it. There are patches of this sort of thing, for instance, in the noble poetry of Tennyson's writing and they have caused moderns to gnash their teeth. It is in Romanticism that sentiment becomes sentimentality and bids farewell to all honest and truly rooted feeling in a gush of lawless and at last meaningless emotion.

Mr. Paul Elmer More has put the wrath of the stern humanist against the weaknesses of feeling which has no soundness and no abiding meaning in the trenchant essays of that particular volume of the Shelburne Essays *The Drift of Romanticism.* It is probably fair

to say that he hates Romanticism unwisely and too well, that he does not distinguish between the false and the true Romanticism. The worst you can say of a certain type of stern humanist is that he would not be able to understand Dante's Rose of Love and Fire.

For all that it is good to have this stern classic conscience at work among us. We need to be saved from the cloyingly sweet. We need to be saved from pursuing emotions for their own sake. And the classic humanist with his deep intuition of "nothing too much" serves us well in this as in many other regards.

That sense of harmony and completeness which is the essential note of humanism as applied to the arts is all the while at work in the world. Once and a while a vigorous prophet arises to speak in its name. More often it is in solution as a part of the common stock of ideals and hopes lying all about the mind and heart of the man at work in any one of the arts. It is a kind of subconscious influence in the life of a poet quite ignorant of the fact that classic influences come within the area of his life at all. It is a brooding presence in the work of a modern novelist the very structure of whose work is different because of it. The designs of the architect feel its guiding hand. The sculptor has an Attic ideal in his mind while he works out a modern theme. The painter works with colour dimly and eagerly trying to find the equivalent of the Old Greek sense of harmony. So in many a fashion the dead men who founded the humanistic tradition and the dead men who have carried it on influence us in all the baffling confusions of the world in which we dwell.

The patient presence of unappeasable standards as

a part of the modern scene may at times seem a pitiable, almost a futile thing. The roar and the fury of life rushes by them with impatience and scorn. Intensity and passionate energy seem to be having their own hot and imperious way with the great masses of our contemporaries. In the great white ways of our cities the overwhelming brilliancy of the electric lights has shut out the stars. But the stars shine on, distant and glorious in their solemn and unabated grandeur. To be sure, for an instant a match may seem to give more light than a star. And, of course, you can burn your fingers with a match. After all, it is a matter of choice. You can build your thought of life and art about matches or electric lights or stars. It is the glory of humanism that it prefers the stars. In the midst of a blatant and hectic civilisation it brings to us the cooling serenity of the night sky, and the patient, perpetual shining of its far-glowing, piercing luminaries.

It is less obvious, and yet it is a matter not without importance, that humanism has been a force making for moral vigour in the world. We all know, and yet perhaps we do not easily recover from the surprise of knowing, that the Greeks looked to their philosophers rather than to the official representatives of religion for moral instruction. It may be that we shall have to think of the wedlock of morals and religion as the consummation of civilisation rather than its presupposition. In any event the very spirit which expressed itself in the noble restraint and harmony of Greek life became an influence which was felt in conduct as well as in life. Although they approached the matter from opposite directions both of the great philosophies of

conduct, Stoicism and Epicureanism, came to a feeling that a fine moderation expressed the very genius of the best sort of living. The study of that ethical spirit which has asserted the rights of a human conscience and has presided in many a case quite unofficially yet quite effectively through all the passing centuries, would be a very interesting sort of investigation. A conscience transcendental in its claims and dignity has been mightily commanding in the life of Christendom for the last two thousand years. But this other conscience, making no such lofty pretensions, keeping in closest contact with the actual experience of men, knowing perhaps too much of the evil and the sordid, yet always bearing witness to a moral light in human nature itself, has had a place and an influence greater than we might believe. Sometimes it has understood its inheritance from the days of antiquity speaking in the very terms of the pagan writers. Sometimes it has seemed a spirit arising from the world-wide common experiences of hard-pressed men. But it has remained an actual factor in human life. And if sometimes it has seemed to walk where there was slime, it has not forgotten the existence of the polar star.

Our own period in the life of mankind has seen a most extraordinary growth and diffusion of an influence which we have been pleased to call the social passion. Like most other contemporary manifestations of vital energy it is a very complex thing and has the most diverse and varied relationships. Sometimes it proudly bases itself upon a foundation of pure altruism. Sometimes it seeks its source and its inspiration in the spirit of Jesus. Sometimes it claims to be an entirely scientific product, with reasoned conclusions

such as might belong to any other inductive science. You can find traces of it everywhere. Its influence is all pervasive. Sometimes it seems that it has been poured into the life of the world almost to the saturation point.

Now, what is the religion of this so profound and so significant movement to humanism? Or, to get to the very heart of the matter, what is the relation of humanism to this movement? I am afraid we must admit that altruism was not precisely a strong point of the idealism of Greece or Rome. Self-realisation rather than self-sacrifice was the classic ideal. It is true there was a mellowing of life with the passing centuries and Stoicism came to have a sense of humanity as a whole which did distinctly have altruistic possibilities. To know people is to develop some measure of sympathetic friendliness in respect of them. The Pax Romana did develop some sense of a world-wide society.

But all this is rather dim and vague when brought into comparison with the passionate intensity of modern social passion. And yet though we cannot claim the whole movement as a humanistic product, I think we must admit that one element of its power is an enlargement and deepening of that sense of man as man which flowered in a minor way in the Roman Empire. The world-wide brotherhood of human experience is a developing consciousness. And it has its foundation in those basal and essential things which lie at the heart of humanism as well as of the social passion. The matter has been somewhat confused by the fact that sometimes great humanists have not been men of social passion at all. But for that matter

humanism has always been greater than its children. And there is a purely secular sense of human solidarity, intense and influential, which surely deserves the name of humanism, and which does it great credit too.

Finally, in this discussion of the strength of humanism we must ask ourselves what spiritual resources, if any, humanism holds in its heart. The question is baffling. For we usually associate spirituality with forces and sanctions not within the range of our ordinary thought of humanism. But I think we must admit that even in the area of classic life humanism had revealed an ideal of lofty and gracious spiritual serenity. Now you find it in a great statue of one of the gods—a super-Greek with the stainless splendour of Olympus on his brow. Now you find it in a deathless line of Greek poetry, which with quiet suddenness brings the very fragrance of the flowers on the Happy Isles. The classic ideal surely did include a spiritual beauty, lofty and harmonious and serene, which lay like a crown of unfading loveliness above the rarest achievements of life and art. And the summoning beauty of this spiritual ideal made a place for itself in men's hearts, had power to capture their imagination, was a reality in the sense that they could not forget it, and an inspiration in the sense that life was not what it would have been apart from it.

This humanistic ideal of spiritual beauty has appeared again and again in the life of mankind. Sometimes it has acknowledged connection with the classic past. Sometimes it has appeared like something new, fresh and wonderful in the heart of man. But this consciousness of the supremacy of the spiritual has not left itself without witness. Indeed, I think it is

not too much to say that it is in a germinal fashion at least structural in the life of man.

How much more there is to say! For humanism is human experience becoming conscious of itself and of its possibilities, believing in itself and going forth on a great adventure of achievement. We have only hinted in the slightest way at the story. How many significant movements have not been discussed or analysed! How many great names have not been mentioned! Our endeavour has not been to be exhaustive. Rather we have sought to find some characteristic expressions of the strength of the humanistic spirit in the world, and we have tried to analyse with as much adequacy as possible the nature of the strength of humanism.

That it is a proud and creative spirit which humanism has brought to the world is clear enough. That it has a royal record moving among supreme events, supreme personalities, and supreme ideals is clear enough too. One feels that he must be robed in purple when he goes to the court of Humanism on its great and imperial days.

And then comes a feeling too that this strong and seminal influence is not exhausted. The humanism which we have studied in this lecture is by no means a mere going back to Greece and Rome for inspiration. It has come with fresh and creative insights age after age. If it looks backward, it knows also how to look outward. If it looks outward, it also knows how to look toward the future. New times and new men will find new insights of humanism waiting to fit their need.

## VI

## THE WEAKNESSES OF HUMANISM

PERHAPS the most significant discussion of the deeper matters which have to do with morals and religion which has been published in the United States of America in recent years is Dr. Albert Parker Fitch's powerful book *Preaching and Paganism,* the forty-sixth series of the Lyman Beecher Lectureship on preaching in Yale University. The volume is a remorseless and terribly honest effort in diagnosis. Doctor Fitch brings to his work a mind richly furnished and instruments of analysis sharpened to the last edge of keenness. The second lecture, "The Children of Zion and the Sons of Greece," is a memorable account of the producing of the humanistic mind as it is at work in the contemporary world, and of the effect that mind has upon the interpretation of the Christian religion. The climax of the discussion is reached in the lecture, "The Almighty and Everlasting God," in which the transcendent and eternal elements of religion are lifted to a place of supreme emphasis. Once more the infinite speaks to the finite, and the eternal makes mighty demands of the temporal. The trumpets from the far hills of God blow mighty blasts.

Having seen what sincere and eager tribute can be paid to the spirit of humanism at its best, we cannot avoid the task of frankly facing the limitations and the weaknesses which are connected with the human-

istic view of life. We must be prepared to meet the sort of questions which Doctor Fitch discusses with such trenchant power.

The fundamental question may be put tersely and simply enough. Can humanity satisfy our religious needs from within the resources of its own life? Or is it of the very nature of religion that only that which transcends humanity can meet the cry which is lifted in the human heart for religion?

We shall meet this question in a good many different relationships in the remaining lectures of this series. Just now we lift it clearly and frankly and definitely? Can humanism provide humanity with a religion?

There has undoubtedly been a tendency in humanistic movements to lift the claim that the secret of humanity is in human life and not above it. And it can scarcely be denied that this has resulted again and again in offering a finite universe to a creature with a passion for the Infinite. In Greece and Rome this tendency received encouragement because of the fact that there was so much in popular religion which needed to be cast aside as smothering and debilitating superstition. Allegory was invented to save men from the abysses into which they would fall if they took every story in the popular mythologies with serious literalness. Humanism offered a much needed criticism in the presence of the worst features of the popular faiths. When Lucretius wrote *De Rerum Natura* he felt that he was doing humanity a vast and glorious service if he could save it from the base and unworthy fears which were the product of religion. But religion is much more than an abject fear set upon the throne of the soul, and the instinct for religion survives

after the base superstitions have been overthrown. Holding the vices of the dwellers in Olympus up to scorn does not quench the passionate cry of the human heart for religion. And so the question arises, How is the religious need of humanity to be satisfied?

Some profound spirits at once perceive that you must go beyond humanity to deal with this matter in any satisfactory manner. And this is heartily and frankly done in Plato's doctrine of Ideas—the final realities in whose quality we participate to the degree that we have any contact with reality at all. All this is most profound and indicates a deep understanding of the nature of religion and life. But it must be said at once that the moment Plato becomes a transcendental philosopher he ceases to be a pure humanist. In fact, no Platonist in any century has been a humanist and nothing more. And it is just this consciousness that humanity can come to fulfilment only by means of contact with the transcendent that made Plato the schoolmaster who led so many deep and serious minds from the sanctions of Greek philosophy over into the sanctions of the Christian faith. He concedes the whole case. He does not try to find a religion in humanism. In fact, he finds humanism itself as only an aspect of a totality of experience whose final meaning is found in transcendental realms.

We return, then, to the question, What are the religious resources of humanism? Did Plato surrender too quickly? Is the humanistic faith capable of satisfying the religious needs of man?

There are two historical experiences which have particular significance at this point. One has to do with the thought and the activities of the eighteenth-century

deists in England and their successors in France. The other has to do with the positivism of Auguste Comte.

Deism did not necessarily deny the existence of God. Rather it superannuated the Deity as far as any practical service was concerned. God, if there was a God—and an English deist would have said doubtless there was a Deity—was absent from all the essential and significant activities of man. And man was self-sufficient. His reason was his guide. A religion born of emotion and the supernatural was a bastard product. Reason was the only legitimate parent of religion. Enthusiasm, hectic emotion, passionate religious devotion were to be feared and frowned upon and turned from with distaste.

That this sort of critical thinking did genuine service in calling attention to the eccentricities of overwrought religious feeling is true enough. That the deist often had a genuine interest in human welfare and that he appreciated and paid tribute to very noble and productive virtues is equally true. The ideal man of the deistic type of thought was a well-made gentleman of admirable virtues. But deism had no power to capture the moral imagination of a whole people. It had no power to flood men's thought of goodness with spiritual radiance. The moral life of the classes and the masses in England reached a terribly tragic ebb at the very period when deism was most influential. And the men who inherited the deistic tradition in France, with their clear, cool intellects, could not provide self-mastery or inhibition for the masses when the Revolution came. The lucidity of Voltaire had its own tremendous value. But it was incapable of stabilising a nation. And when in upon the whole situation the warm and

passionate naturalism of Rousseau was poured, energies were released which found no moral or spiritual master in any influence which French humanism could bring to bear upon these troubled days.

That scientific synthesis which Auguste Comte attempted was at least characterised by an acute understanding of the fact that even a world whose basic sanctions were those of science required the kindling idealism of the spirit of religion. And the method of Comte in dealing with the problem was characteristically that of a humanist who went the full length of the logic of his position. The achieving and heroic elements in humanity itself constitute the objects of worship in the religion of positivism. Humanity itself seen in the form of its supreme motives, its supreme personalities, and its supreme achievements, is to receive that reverent adoration which is to have the place of prayer. Here again, as a matter of honest record, we have to admit that you have a temple which is somehow unable to call into its portals worshippers whose minds are swept clear of illusion, whose consciences are purged of prejudice, whose hearts are filled with morally creative impulses, and whose lives are stirred and enriched by the noble power of their worship.

One can scarcely avoid a feeling that there is a touch of the dilettante in all this attempt to find a humanistic substitute for religion. It is like putting a pleasant picture in the place of one of the great snow-capped mountains of the world. The picture of a snow-crowned peak really does not meet the necessities of a mountain climber.

But the tendency to seek a humanistic substitute for

religion works in more subtle and illusive ways than those brought to light in clear and outstanding movements. It enters into the thought and feeling of many a period as an invisible and evasive and yet potent presence, influencing the thought and the feeling and the decisions of men. The struggle between Athanasius and Arius in the fourth century was influenced by an almost imperceptible instinct on the part of the followers of Arius for a religion whose outstanding note would be its nearness to humanity. There was a kind of fear of utter transcendence. The same sort of influence played into the Pelagian controversy. For Pelagius' followers there was an instinctive and hostile recoil from that which bent humanity abjectly in the presence of the mighty God. In the rise of modern Unitarianism there is the same instinct of protest against the abasement of humanity and the same instinctive eagerness for religious sanctions which can rise from the very heart of human life. There is a sense in which Unitarianism is not so much the denial of the deity of Jesus Christ as it is the assertion of the divinity of humanity.

Now, one is not interested in avoiding the admission that there are elements of truth in all these positions. There was something of permanent value in the Arian contention and the contention of Pelagius and there is something of value in the contention of the modern Unitarian. But the tremendously significant fact is this: the moment any one of these movements ceases to be critical and attempts constructive activity it reveals a strange incapacity to meet the demands of the situation. The humanism which sees the faults of an uncritical transcendentalism is a splendid thing in any

century. The humanism which attempts to be a substitute for the transcendental elements of religion is an abject failure in any age.

Of course a man must hear the call of the Infinite in his own spirit before these things become clear and compelling to him. At a certain stage in the development of a young man it may well seem that the humanistic substitutes for religion are singularly satisfying, or, to put it in a more friendly way, it may seem that the humanistic interpretation of religion answers every need of his keen and proud young mind. But as the years go on and his own life deepens in quality and broadens in range, certain conceptions will become singularly thin and impotent. The great deep places of his life will open. He will hear the call of those central instincts and intuitions which give life its capacity both for glory and for shame. And all about him will be the pulsing tides of the infinite sea. It will come to him at last that the religion which is permanent must sound the note of the Infinite. He will be astounded at the passionate hunger and thirst in his own life. And as he comes to understand it all he will come to know that the very glory of humanity is its capacity to feel the need of that which humanity cannot give. The supreme critical insight of humanism comes at the moment when it sees its own incapacity to satisfy human need. Here, as so often, it is at its best as a critic. Here, as so often, it is at its weakest when it tries to be a priest.

It is very important that we should speak with caution and fairness and it is also important that we should speak with entire candor when we come to the next matter which demands our consideration. This

has to do with a curious tendency in the heart of humanism to develop the spirit of the Pharisee. Or, to put it in another way, it has to do with the fact that so many humanists lack in humility. There is a sense of the integrity of one's own life which has a very profound and a very noble significance. And it must be conceded at once that humanism has done much to maintain and develop this consciousness of something in human personality which is infinitely precious and which must be preserved at all costs. But there is also a self-conscious pride which is a very unlovely thing, which cares more for self than for truth and which loses itself in all sorts of brilliant artificialities and make-believes. There is a touch of dishonesty always at the heart of this sort of pride, for it could not be so complacent if it were entirely candid. Whenever a man loves himself more than he loves truth, or goodness or beauty, and cares for these great things only as they may be used as magnificent garments for his self-esteem, there is a poison working in his inner life which is bound to work all sorts of havoc by and by. The Pharisee is always more interested in maintaining his place of privilege than he is in proving worthy of that place. And the joy of looking down upon other men is one of the most prized pleasures of his life.

It is the very genius of one type of humanism to seek for distinction, to turn from the pastureland of the herds in the lowlands and to seek the mountain heights. You have the very best of this spirit expressed with great beauty and power in Browning's poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral." And the lofty climbing with its lonely heroism and its dauntless achieve-

ment fills you with a splendid joy. But it is not easy to keep the heart of a child on the lonely heights. It is not easy to keep the simplicity of the valley upon the lofty peaks. And at this point even a touch of self-consciousness will spoil all the view. The whole situation comes to have a sort of pathetic tragedy when we remember that a great many people begin to become self-conscious the moment they decide to climb the mountains and before they have met the first test of difficult trail and dangerous path. When a man begins to be proud of the fact that he loves truth, he is not loving truth, he is loving himself. And he is using truth as a dignified cloak to give a touch of nobility to his self-esteem. And so it is with goodness. And so it is with beauty. It is perfectly possible for a man to desire to own a beautiful house not because he cares about beauty but because he wants to have the reputation of caring about beauty. The sense of superiority subtly and complacently cherished is one of the dangerously gratifying feelings which it is all too easy for men to cultivate. The little circle which finds satisfaction not in the truth which it appreciates but in the people whom it shuts out has already begun to lose contact with the great sources of life and growth.

Humanism has always had a Pharisee lurking in its shadow. So it was in Greece. So it was in Rome. So it was in the Renaissance. So it has been in every modern reawakening of the humanistic spirit. It is only when the humanist forgets himself that he is able to render the greatest service to his own city or his country or his age. And it has always been terribly difficult for the humanist to forget himself.

Of course self-consciousness is a menace which is

confronted by every movement of every type. But we mean something more than that selfishness which is ready to lift its head even among the most sacred experiences. We mean that the very emphasis of humanism upon the values and the possibilities of human life makes it particularly easy for men who are dominated by its spirit to fall a victim to self-consciousness. A man with the Infinite crying in his heart may be guilty of tragic mistakes and even of tragic excesses. But as long as that sense of the Infinite is valid and authentic he is not likely to be overcome with self-conscious complacency. He has at least found something in the universe which is infinitely greater than himself. And the precise danger of the humanist at this point is that he shall never discover anything greater or more significant than his own life. To bring the humanist safely out of the Ptolemaic theory into the Copernican is a great achievement. He is all the while tempted to believe that the universe revolves around his own life. He is only safe when he discovers the sun around which his little planet revolves. And the humanist must transcend humanism in order to discover the real meaning of the sun.

To think at all is to know the danger of becoming the slave of the system of thought which is in control of your mental processes. For this reason the swing of the pendulum between scholasticism and mental anarchy has been a recurring experience in human life. The humanist discovers certain laws of thought. And then it is easy for him to bow down and worship the technique which he has worked out. Then when his thinking becomes barren and futile he is tempted to crush all the machinery he has so laboriously con-

structed and to seek vitality in lawlessness. The equivalent of this experience happens over and over again in letters and in art. The frigid correctness of the period which absolutely submits to a set of definite rules is a bitter feature of the history of all of the arts. And when once men realize that they are living in a precise hour of formulas there is the tendency to go to the opposite extreme in a perfect orgy of license.

Certain types of classicism have represented a loyalty to the form rather than to the essential genius of antiquity in many an age, and the barren preciseness of the world has told its own tale of a movement out of which all life had departed. When humanism falls into the hands of a certain type of schoolmaster this sort of barren correctness is likely to be the result. There have been schools not a few where the technique of Greek and Latin grammar has been considered far and away more important than the sympathetic apprehension of the meaning of the Greek spirit or the understanding of the quality of life which gave potency to Rome. Declensions and conjugations and the construction of correct sentences in Greek and Latin have represented the goal of the teacher's endeavor. All of this is a very definite example of the tragedy which comes to pass when the good is made the worst enemy of the best. Of course there is no reason why a lad should be careless and inaccurate in respect of the essential matters of Greek and Latin grammar. But there is a good deal of reason for remembering that a vocabulary and a knowledge of the articulations of grammar do not constitute an understanding of the spirit which expressed itself through these words and phrases and highly evolved sentences. And it is even

true that in the drama there is an observance of the unities which is a defeat of the ends of art and not the triumphant achievement of an artistic purpose. This battle, of course, is perpetually with us. There is a type of mind which does not see the difference between a skeleton with every bone in quite the proper place and a living organism ready to function with joy and power. When humanism becomes the victim of the men who are happy in valleys of dry bones—but who never think of prophesying to these scattered fragments—then humanism is in a very bad way indeed.

And now we come to an aspect of our theme before which we may well shrink a little. For the attempt to consider the relation of humanism to decadence lifts some of the most baffling problems which the student of man's life and activities is called upon to consider. It lies open on the page which tells the story of the life of Greece that there was an experience of decadence in Attic life. The student of the far-flung story of Roman power sees the forces of virility and the energies of a sort of malignant decadence at war in the most varied places and in different centuries. Decadence spelled the death knell of the Italian Renaissance at last—and a poisoning, murderous, filthy decadence it was. So we might go on. But there is a good deal of difference between description and analysis. And it is insight rather than portraiture which we are seeking. With all that was nobly restrained and even austerely grand about the spirit of humanism, how has it happened that once and again in the most varied areas of activity the life influenced by humanistic sanctions has sunk into decadence and decay? How

can you account for some things to be found in Aristophanes? How can you account for some things to be found in the Greek anthology? Why is the passionate apostle of humanistic revolt so often a man of licentious speech and of even more licentious life?

Perhaps an entering wedge for the mind which wishes to investigate this matter is found in the tendency to react from that hard conventionality which so easily turns the fair beauty of the first rapturous period into something cold and rigid and lifeless. More than Lot's wife have found the pillar of salt a tragedy —something to be feared and dreaded and if possible to be escaped. At the one extreme, then, humanism produces the man of hard and sterile convention. At the other it produces the hectic and tempestuous apostle of revolt to whose head the wine of life goes quickly and with instant effect. It is the extreme you do not fear into which you are likely to plunge. And, on the whole, humanism has had more fear of stale convention than of moral anarchy.

But I fancy there is a deeper reason for the liaison which humanism so often forms with indulgence. For humanism very easily becomes a worship of life, of life as it is, and of all of life. And very easily it comes to feel that the rich moments of life are those of the release of inhibition rather than those of tense and rigid self-control. So it comes to a fascinating interest in the passionate experience of all there is of hot intensity in life. To be sure, this is far enough from that principle of "nothing too much" which entered so deeply into the noblest Greek discipline. But to a certain temper this very restraint savours of fear, of a kind of weak timidity. To drink the whole cup

of life becomes a kind of unappeasable ambition. And there is no careful analysis of just what the effect will be if the cup contains poison.

All of this fits very well the impetuous temper of the hot young bloods of every land and of every age. The Greek civilisation which Alexander the Great carried over the East was full of this lustful desire to appropriate all that there was of life. And the passionate Orient had enough to offer. Aristotle's golden mean was forgotten. And Alexander himself poured out his rich and radiant manhood in debauchery. This was the Greek civilisation which the men of the Old Testament tradition met in the days of the Maccabees. This was the foe they saw perfectly represented in the cruel and brilliant and lascivious power of Antiochus Epiphanes.

The very enthusiasm for humanity involved sooner or later a choice. There was all the vivid and manifold life of sensuous and sensual gratification to which the Orient knew how to minister with such subtle and amazing skill. There were those impalpable and invisible idealisms which appeared again and again to claim supremacy over physical desire. It was very easy for humanism in days of waning vitality to choose the visible rather than the invisible. It was easy to choose the body rather than the soul. And when the theory of life became one which reached out toward an opulent pantheism it was easy for the votary to believe that he found richness of life in the fulfilment of every intense and passionate physical desire.

All this was made more easy because the opposition was often seen with unnatural sharpness. The life which accepted the physical side of experience with

noble poise and steadiness and held it ever the servant of higher sanctions was not an easy life to visualise on the part of men and women to whom as the centuries passed on spirituality tended to become the utter repudiation of the body, and any physical life a thing with the stain of evil upon it. So the philosophy of dualism and the practice of asceticism became in a way the unconscious friends of indulgence. In any event license and lawlessness ran their full and terrible course. Lust begat cruelty, as lust always does, and lust and cruelty produced that decadence which weakened the life of civilisation at the very source of its power. The worst days of Greece, of the Hellenistic period, and the most degenerate days of Rome tell the whole story. It is a tale of decay. It is a tale of the rotting of the structural elements of life. Humanism had mistaken disease for fulness of life. And so humanism became one of the instruments of the death of all that was most noble and gracious in the life of the Old World.

It was all so inconceivably horrible that the young Christian Church felt simply revulsion and loathing at the sight. And so to vast numbers of people the dominant note of the piety of the Middle Ages became one of escape rather than one of transformation. It became not merely a denial of vice but a denial of life itself. Much of the piety of the Middle Ages was the very antithesis of humanism. It viewed human nature as hopelessly and utterly evil. The death warrant had been read. The hour of execution was at hand. There was no escape for the body. But the soul might be saved.

It is precisely because of all this that the Renais-

sance has one of its great opportunities and confronts one of its greatest dangers. For the Renaissance is a reawakening of the belief in life. It declares that life is full and lovely and the minister of great and growing pleasure and joy. It lifts the flag of defiance against that condemnation of life which has been so characteristic an aspect of Mediæval piety.

But just as so often the man of piety had made the mistake of condemning life as well as the vices which brought tragedy to life, so in inverting the processes which led to this consummation, the man of the Renaissance was tempted not only to glorify life but to glorify the very vices which ultimately lead to life's disintegration and decay. The Mediæval saint often erred by what he excluded. The man of the Italian Renaissance too often erred by what he included. So in Italy the tragedy worked out to its fatal end. Lorenzo de' Medici is as good a figure as any to symbolise it all. Taste was completely divorced from character. The love of knowledge and beauty was completely divorced from the love of goodness and the glad apprehension of the meaning of self-control. So old passions once more circulated in men's veins. Vice rampant always becomes abnormal and murderous. And Italy groveled in the worst mire of it all. The classic world like an emptying volcano had poured out of its crater the hot lava of its worst indulgences, and the ashes which were to choke the breath of the best life of the eager and responsive nation which opened its mind and heart with such careless gladness to whatever bore the impress of Greece or the older Rome.

Northern Europe breathed a cleaner air. The Ref-

ormation cleansed the mind through which the balmy airs of the Renaissance were blowing. And so the new spirit had a surer contact with moral beauty and spiritual loftiness. But on account of the plague spots the fear of beauty spread over the world. If this was what the love of beauty meant, then let the love of beauty be forsaken. So thought many men in the north, and so by a sad tragedy much that belonged of right to the life of true men was rejected through the fear of license and the fear of moral disintegration. The fruit of the tree of beauty was all too often rejected because of the worm which was seen so frequently to be spreading decay at its heart.

The battle has been renewed in every century. The love of beauty which failed to make fundamental distinctions has led to a fear of beauty which failed to make distinctions equally fundamental. So the seventeenth-century England saw the days of Cromwell on one side and the days of the Restoration on the other. So eighteenth-century France saw the superb artistry of living of the court of Louis XIV with so strange and intermittent and erratic an assertion of moral sanctions.

The nineteenth century saw some sort of attempt in the English-speaking world to reconcile the orderly expression of natural instincts with the high moral sanctions which retained through all the confusion their masterful appeal. There is a sense in which the conception of the Christian home came to be a conception of singular richness and fruitfulness during this period. Not in asceticism and not in license was the ample life found. There was a welcome of that which belonged to nature which yet submitted it to the

control of the loftiest sanctions. Of course Luther had seen something of this. One does not for a moment mean that it was a discovery of the nineteenth century or that this century saw all of its implications. But there is a sense in which the best Christian homes of the nineteenth century did have the root of the matter in them.

Robert Browning, whose mind was almost clairvoyant in respect of such matters, put it into an astounding phrase: "Nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul."

To live at the place where the physical and the spiritual meet and where the physical in its very method of expression acknowledges the dominance of the spiritual is to have learned a secret which will save men and cities and nations and civilisation from decay. It was only a flash of insight which came in the nineteenth century. Its relation to art, to the love of beauty, to a thousand gracious and exquisite things was all too little realised.

And all the while—one would speak with great reserve and caution of these things—there were enough men who gave lip service without giving inner allegiance to these ideals to give the life of the period at last a quality of smug complacency, an emotional idealism which flinched from ugly facts: there was enough of all this to give the term "Mid-Victorian" at last that unlovely, indeed, that ugly connotation, with which we are all too familiar.

And—if we must probe in a region where probing is a very unhappy and thankless task—there was in certain directions a tacit assumption that some standards are not to be taken too seriously, that you must

assume for all practical purposes the presence of the thing you verbally deny, that there are some places regarding which gentlemen must agree not to turn the searchlight of investigation, and at last all society felt a tendency toward the release of inhibition through the tragic and constant presence of a view of life influential though unexpressed.

It was all this which made some contemporary types of decadence able to assume a curious air of moral superiority. Their honesty and frankness were garments which for the moment tended to hide the disintegration and disease which were indigenous in their quality. The body at the moment is fighting for the throne in all our Western civilisation. And in many places there is little garnishing through the reserves and graces of a delicate taste. Rudely, barbarously, and crudely the animal moves forward to control our life if he can. The war-weary world accepts all too easily any sensation which is intense and thrilling and so for the moment authentic. The jungle begins to have great attractions for a generation which hesitates at the price of discipline which civilisation requires. The "tiger burning bright" is very convincing when the subtler and higher perceptions are slumbering. And so the anti-climax repeats itself of a humanism which first becomes decadence and then becomes barbarity. Of course this way lies the madness which breaks down civilisation. We are not meaning to say that the world is going this way. We are only saying frankly that this is one of the ways in which a certain type of humanism is tempted to go.

And now we must candidly inspect a feature of the indictment of humanism which goes to the very center

of the meaning of life. We must consider the relation of humanism to the essential ethical struggles of man. And I am afraid we must concede that usually the humanistic spirit does not produce that terrible honesty which unhesitatingly faces the fact of sin. Of misfortune humanism has always been able to speak wistfully, generously, and often wisely. Of ignorance it has spoken with patient sagacity. It is a matter of the most far-reaching significance that to Socrates the ultimate problem of life was that of the uninformed mind. He never faced the tragedy of what we would call the misdirected will. The sadness of youth in the presence of the thought of old age and death, the pensive sense of life's inevitable confusions and tragedies—all these have given a noble sorrow to much great humanistic writing. That man is a victim of forces too great for him the humanist has well understood. And at his best he has roused his spirit to play the man in the presence of the most terrible vicissitudes and calamities, in the presence of death itself. But the most tragic and the most glorious secrets of personality have all too often escaped him. The awful dignity of the personal life confronting infinite issues, with the terrible blazing lights of eternity shining, and the lonely personal spirit rising to the tragic and glorious act of decision—all this has too often been beyond the ken of the humanist. Partly because of this it has been far easier for the humanist to find beauty than to find that vaster and greater thing, sublimity. Partly because of this shrinking from the ultimate ethical realism it has often been easy for the humanist to accept the sign as a substitute for that for which it stood, the symbol in the place of the reality it

is its mission to express. Again and again the Puritan has been characterised by a tremendous, perhaps sometimes a pathological, fear of certain lovely and gracious aspects of ritual and worship just because he saw how easy it is to hold with tenacious grasp to the form at the very moment when the essence is vanishing. And if so he has failed to enter into his full heritage, long and bitter experience will explain his attitude even if this long and bitter experience does not quite prove its justification. The failure to understand personality in the stark realism of its desperate experience with the evil which it must accept or reject, accounts for the strange inadequacy of humanism when it is confronted by the ultimate pessimisms of the world. The sad candour of men of many a century in India has looked with a kind of wistful condescension upon that humanism which rallied its forces with such military precision, making its sure and soldierly movements all the more easily and all the more happily because it has never faced the ultimate problems. And many an Indian thinker may have had his moment of envy of a humanism so young, so full of the hope which has never met the ultimate struggle with evil forces, so full of the invincible ignorance which for a little while mistakes itself for knowledge. The evasions of humanism often bring it very low. But, on the other hand, an utterly honest humanism is not far from the kingdom of God. For a remorselessly honest humanism has at least learned that it must look beyond its own resources for the solution of the problems of life.

## VII

## THE POINTS OF CONTACT BETWEEN HUMANISM AND EVANGELICALISM

The story of the address of Saint Paul on the Areopagus has always possessed a singular power to seize the imagination of men who have had any sort of understanding sympathy with the spirit of humanism, and who have combined with this a vital apprehension of the meaning of evangelical experience. On that day two currents which have often moved widely apart flowed for a little while together. The spectacle is well worth our observation and study and analysis. Men of the Epicurean faith who held an interpretation of life as pleasure, and men of the Stoic faith who held a philosophy of life as virtuous conduct, became interested in the teachings of Paul. Both of them sought in philosophy a method of living and a source of inspiration. The philosopher of pleasure might defend a life of mellow urbanity and moderation or a life of passionate intensity. The philosopher of duty interpreted the way of nature and found duty to be the noble conformity to that which was inherent in the highest expressions of the natural order. It was evident quickly enough to both groups that what they sought in philosophical dialectic Paul believed he had found in religion. He was evidently a man of intellectual discipline and wide experience. They were ready to listen to him. The Greeks were proud of their

mental hospitality. And they were at least ready to discuss anything from every possible point of view. So they persuaded Paul to go to the Areopagus and somewhat formally to address them.

The whole situation is one of the intensest interest just because such varying traditions and such seemingly conflicting vitalities are meeting. Paul is very much of a gentleman, never more at ease than when the amenities of life count for much, and always combining veracity with graciousness. He makes a delicate illusive reference to all the statues of deities to be seen about Athens, and dwells especially upon an altar dedicated to an unknown God. Attic subtlety could not have suggested more deftly the weakest spot in humanism. And though the word does not belong to Paul he understands the thing for which the word has been used. The whole complicated system of Greek worship is a confession of need which that high culture has not been able to satisfy. And that tell-tale altar to the nameless Deity reveals an anxious longing for a God whose very name and nature are unknown. Entirely honest humanism has an empty throne room in its heart waiting for a worthy Deity to take possession. And Paul comes swiftly forward with the assertion that he is the messenger of the unknown God. In quick, powerful speech he describes the Deity who is the Maker and Ruler and Lord of all, so profoundly related to men that the Greek poet had been quite right who called them his offspring. It is then in intellectual and moral and spiritual qualities that God is to be sought and found. Idolatry is trying to find him in a body when you can only find him in the soul. If God overlooked men's futile thought of him, he has

come into human life in the glory of a mind and a conscience and a glowing spirit, bending the physical to its own purposes and at last conquering even death.

All this is becoming too astoundingly concrete for many of Paul's hearers. Some jeer. Some want to discuss. Some will come again. Some typical and significant characters in the city of Athens cleave to him.

It is clear enough that Paul saw the significant matters in right relations. That view of life which tried to satisfy man's need from his own unaided resources was doomed always to failure. That humanism which saw in humanity the offspring of Deity was in so far right that something divine calls perpetually in lonely hunger in the heart of man, and further capable of being right, if it came to the insight that only the God who had put his seal on human life can satisfy the infinite hunger in man's spirit. The possessor of life and the conqueror of death solves all the problems. Here, to use our own phrases, humanism and evangelicalism meet.

Of course Paul had much more to say. But men with an abstract theory of pleasure or a philosophical concept of duty were not ready for his full message as yet. You have to approach this sort of thing through moral struggle. A good many of Paul's hearers were ready only for intellectual dialectic. But Paul won converts that day. And he did prove that in urbane and gracious and yet unhesitating fashion the gospel could speak in the language of contemporary Greek culture. After all, humanism and evangelicalicism did nobly meet that day.

As we have suggested in an earlier lecture, the fact

that the Old Testament people met Greek life in the decadent days in the century after the death of Alexander the Great has made for complications and misunderstanding. The vicious and evil thing which was Hellenism to Antiochus Epiphanes might well rouse only hatred and repulsion on the part of the Jews. But the Greek spirit left its mark deeply upon the wisdom literature of the Old Testament. The book of Ecclesiastes is not very lofty but it bears many a mark of the impress of Greek thought. And once and again the shrewd sagacity of the Proverbs bears the impress of Greek modes of thinking. But the Greek spirit which conquered the imagination of the Sadducees and of Herod is not a very lofty thing.

It is outside of Palestine in Egypt that Greek culture and Old Testament sanctions find a loftier meeting. The Septuagint has its own significance here, and Philo of Alexandria is all the while feeling as a Jew and thinking as a Greek.

It may be said quite simply and yet quite surely that the clear and wide-ranging mind of Jesus included in its sweep all that was fundamental in both the Jewish and the Greek approach to life. "Ye are the salt of the earth," he said to his disciples. That was pure Hebrew. It suggests preservation from decay. It suggests all the processes which have to do with the moral problem. "Ye are the light of the world," said Jesus to the same disciples. And that was pure Greek. Sunshine, illumination, glowing creative brightness—that was the very genius of Attica. But the disciples of Jesus were to be salt and light. Jerusalem and Athens were to meet in the fulness of the insights of the gospel.

It was not that Jesus formally asserted this in its historic connections. He asserted the basal principles and trusted living minds to build upon them.

The mood is taken over in the fourth Gospel and the type of writing which it represents. Here many a Greek intuition is happily placed in relation to an insight at the heart of the Gospel. Often no doubt it is unconscious. Ideas of Greek origin were moving everywhere. Even the word "logos" may have been picked up from a vagrant popular usage. However this may be, it is significant that so early one Greek conception after another was claimed for the Gospel. Rather more than we have realised humanism and evangelicalism met in the earliest period of the Christian church. If we are looking for actualities rather than for passwords, for realities rather than for technical assertions, the whole matter is clear enough. Truths from the most varied sources flow together happily in the mind and heart of Jesus and of those who best understood him. The Greeks who said, "Sirs, we would see Jesus," represented the humanistic spirit at its best. And Paul was not confronted by sudden surprise on Mars' Hill.

That men like Justin Martyr and Augustine found the teachings of Plato a half-way house on the road to the Christian faith is a matter of genuine significance. As we have already seen, Plato is a humanist far on the way to something more than humanism. And just this combination of elements in his own thinking fits him for the service of leading men from humanism to the Christian religion. But the really important matter is precisely the state of mind which such an experience produced in those who passed

through it. One can see how naturally, indeed, how inevitably, they came to think of philosophy as the pedagogue to lead Greeks to Christ just as the law served the same purpose for the Jews. And out of all this there came not only a friendly feeling toward the forms of Greek thought, but also an ampler sense of the wide ranges over which the spirit of God was working in the world.

The Greek theology expressed this spirit most characteristically. And Origen is a good example of this sort of mind at work. There is a spaciousness and a richness about his mental life which is largely the gift of his Greek antecedents. There is a sense of being at home in the world of thought which has the very mood of humanism, just as there is the sense of dependence upon the God who speaks supremely in Christ which is genuinely evangelical. Professor Allen, the biographer of Phillips Brooks, has written a masterly volume, *The Continuity of Christian Thought,* whose fundamental assertion has to do with the permanent elements of significance in the Greek theology. That view of the Christian religion which emphasised the incarnation as the central matter of the Christian faith, and to which a true knowledge of God and Christ are so important, has surely many contacts with humanism. There are those who would say that it represents a type of religious humanism which is moving away from the evangelical faith. It ought, however, to be said that in nearly every age there have been stout evangelicals upon whom the humanistic tradition has had very profound influence. The homilies of Saint Chrysostom and all the clear grammatical work of Theodore of Mopsuestia and other members

of the school of Antioch represent an approach to the study and interpretation of the Bible which gained much from a humanistic impulse. In Athanasius earlier than Chrysostom the humanistic and the evangelical moods had met in a fruitful harmony.

When we are in the Middle Ages there is always a humanistic influence lurking somewhere in the shadows. Aristotle almost becomes one of the church fathers.

There is a particularly fascinating opportunity for the study of the happier contacts between humanism and evangelical piety in the earlier relations of Erasmus and Luther. The *bon mot* that Erasmus laid the egg and Luther hatched it has a significance we do well to ponder. And the later disagreements of the two ought not to lead us to forget that more than once the influence of Erasmus was significant in giving encouragement and even protection to Luther.

The great prophet and the great humanist hated many of the same things. They both felt a noble indignation in the presence of the same evils. Both believed tremendously in the effect of the wide and popular reading of the Scriptures. Luther himself did not feel a heartier desire to bring the Bible within the reach of everyday men and women than did Erasmus. To be sure these two broke apart—and bitterly enough. It was Melanchthon who remained to the end of his life a man whose spirit was satisfied on the one hand by the fountains of evangelical piety and on the other by the streams of humanism.

But leaving individuals out of account, the Renaissance did more than some scholars have realised to make possible the Reformation. The very breakdown

of mechanical authorities helped to prepare the way for more vital authorities. And the new joy in nature was not without a genuine relation to the new joy in God. If the Renaissance at its worst was pure (or impure) paganism, the foe of all noble religion, it must also be said that the Renaissance at its best was a sort of John the Baptist ushering in the profounder spiritual activities of the Reformation.

The seventeenth century provides a delightful illustration of the fruitful contact of humanism and evangelicalism in the life and the writings of John Milton. We say delightful in spite of the woeful aspects of Milton's life and the tragedy of his blindness. For while the periphery of his life was often full of storm at the center there was the joyful harmony found when art and religion nobly meet.

John Milton was a classicist to the finger tips. He was steeped in the very spirit of the noblest sense of beauty which came out of antiquity. The loveliness of Greece and the grandeur of Rome lived in his heart, and moved with gracious and urbane power through his mind. And John Milton was a Puritan. He was a man who saw the evangelical faith in all the radiance of its æsthetic and moral and spiritual sublimity. "Paradise Lost" is a literal wedlock of humanism and the sanctions of the evangelical faith and experience. You have an august dignity of expression. You have a solemn and gracious beauty of style, you have the majestic marshaling of mighty words in a fashion which tells of a spirit disciplined completely by that high and demanding master Humanism. And you have a sense of the personal life and its struggles, of right and wrong, of decision and destiny, of God and

man which reflect the very genius of the evangelical position. In Milton you discover at last that Parnassus and Mount Zion are not so far apart as you had supposed. The love of beauty and awe in the presence of the righteous God meet in noble wedlock in "Paradise Lost."

The eighteenth century is a time of much clouds and darkness and also of great and shining light. You cannot call Wesley a humanist in any such sense as was true of Milton. But he did have marks of humanism upon him. And the variety of his interests and the almost exhaustless range of his intellectual curiosity belong to a humanistic attitude toward life.

The fear of beauty is by this time heavy upon a good deal of the world. And that curiously tragic thing has happened in the English-speaking world, the coming of the feeling that anything really lovely in ritual or life is likely to have some sort of dangerous connection with the menace of the theory and practice of religion which is associated with Rome.

Even yet the subject is sensitive enough. But it is at least possible to say that it has not been an altogether happy thing that the fear of the mistakes of Rome has so often included a fear of things not only harmless in themselves, but a part of the heritage of Christian men and women in the experience of life in this world. That sort of fear of Rome which is also a fear of beauty still works in many places in the world. And its activities one can say frankly have narrowed the outlook and dwarfed the life of many men and women and little children and of institutions not a few.

The group of men in the Anglican Church who have tried to keep alive the evangelical piety of the Great

Revival and the sense of beauty as a part of the Christian inheritance have rendered a service which has meaning for many other groups in many communions.

And this brings us to a matter which we could not avoid if we would. We may well be glad that it lies right across our path and must be inspected. It has to do with the relation between sacramentarianism and humanism. At once one must say that there is sacramentarianism and sacramentarianism. But the root of all the varieties is the sense that the spiritual may infuse the physical and may master it and dominate all of its activities. The invisible beauty proves itself just at the point when it masters the visible. So the man who regards all life as a sacrament believes. It is possible, of course, to hold this position in such a way that you are dealing with magic rather than with moral experience. And it is possible to hold it in such a way that you are dealing with high ethical values and with no magic at all. On the one hand you have the menacing and false sacramentarianism. On the other you have the true and productive interpretation of the sacramental view of life. And here again there have been a good many people who have been so afraid of the false that they have cast out the true. And too often the price they have paid for this mistake has been an attenuated spirituality out of all contact with the concrete and the visible.

Humanism by its very nature keeps a close contact with the concrete and the actual. But too often it is tempted to think of the physical not as the instrument of the invisible and of the spiritual but as something complete and final in its own right. This attitude, if persisted in, comes at last to the reducing of all high

things to something lower. It sees every experience in the terms of its biological origin and not in the terms of its final spiritual achievement. But just because humanism does include the sense of the mental and the spiritual as well as the apprehension of the physical, there is a protest against this interpreting of the higher in the terms of the lower. And the moment this protest is heard and finds a response humanism is ready to meet the nobler sacramentarianism on its own ground.

Such theories of art as that of Hegel rest down at last upon the thought of the bending of the material to express the character of the invisible and the ideal. The humanism which welcomes these interpretations is already transcending its limitations. But it is none the worse for that. And when the thought of the beautiful as the dominance of the material by the splendour of an invisible spirit has been accepted, there is but a step to that great conception of the holiness of beauty in which humanism and a sacramental view of life which is loyal to the behests of evangelicalism may nobly meet. Indeed, it may not be too much to claim that it is precisely this type of humanism which offers a reconciliation and harmonizing of the evangelical and the sacramental interpretations of life. When evangelicalism faces its inevitable task of making beauty Christian it soon feels a new need of the insights and the discipline of humanism. And along this path it comes to regard all life as sacramental. The cathedral becomes a type of beauty which is to begin with worship and then is to suffuse all life.

The development of a conscience as regards beauty is a structural necessity to the Free Churches if they are to include the whole area of life within the range

of their interpretation and of their activities. The greatest mistake which can be made by any communion is the deliberate refusal to view any aspect of life as within the circle of the Lordship of Jesus Christ.

To a large number of men the Christian religion means just one thing. And that is the achievement of the will of Jesus Christ in the world. For the moment we will not attempt to analyse the unconscious presuppositions involved in such a view. We will not attempt to unfold the far-reaching, and often unsuspected relationships lying in the background of such a conception of religion. For the moment we will accept it as it comes. It may be a naïve stage in the experience of religion and one which is characterised by a curious lack of interest in its own presuppositions. But it is a very real stage in the development of the contemporary man. And it has no end of fine idealism and lofty self-sacrifice connected with it. It may be necessary finally to say to the exponent of this view, "Some things thou lackest." In the meantime we may well be grateful for what has been attained, and we will not be departing from the spirit of the Master if we love any man who wants to have his will done in the world.

A man's first responsibility is, of course, for himself. The reign of Christ means at the very beginning the rule of that will which was perfectly expressed in Jesus in the life of the individual who accepts his leadership. Christianity becomes an immediate and commanding program for the individual life. Here humanism makes its own definite and characteristic contribution. The self-culture of humanism becomes the Christian culture of the individual life. The pagan

virtues are expanded to include all the Christian virtues. Humanism is enriched on the side of individual ethics by all the insights and, indeed, by all the activities of Jesus. That perfect moral and spiritual coordination which he achieved becomes the passionate ambition of the individual who accepts his mastery and guidance.

But the area of responsibility immediately enlarges. Man is more than an individual. He is a society. And so the will of Jesus must be applied to ever-enlarging social relations, the family, the countryside, the town, the city, the nation, the world. Here too humanism has an experience and a technique to bring to the service of the Christian man as he works for the creation of a Christian society. The whole stoical conception of humanity, and of the most generous sense of living according to nature, is expanded and enriched, indeed, is glorified by the sense of the great society ruled by the righteous and loving will of Christ. And the thought of Aristotle may even suggest forms for the ascending view of human life as a series of social organisms including at last the whole human race. At many points where we can scarcely claim that humanism can furnish a spiritual dynamic it can bring much suggestion as to method and a world of significant experience as to practical relationships. Aristotle's Politics has much value for Christian thinking even if it is not a Christian document.

And all of these views of human solidarity develop a contemporary humanism according to their own type. Charles Kingsley was many other things. But among them all in a very significant sense he was a humanist. If it be suggested that there is a great deal of human-

ism and very little evangelicalism in all this, the brief and I think sufficient reply is that this sort of Christian humanism, when it becomes conscious of all that is involved in what it so passionately asserts, will see the necessity of including every one of the fundamental sanctions of the evangelical faith.

It ought not to be too hard to see as we pursue these lines of thought that humanism of this sort meets the most sympathetic evangelical thinking in its estimate of the value of the common life. To be sure, there is a high and distinguished humanism which ignores common life. It values humanity only for its rare and masterful characters. But, on the other hand, there is a widespread humanism which sees endless fascination and interest in the study of the common life of men. Robert Burns' "A Man's a Man for a' That" strikes the note in its happiest mood. True, it has a mood not without a touch of sentimentality in such a poem as Goldsmith's "Deserted Village," and it has a mood of almost distorted bitterness which is reflected in some of the poems of Crabbe. In the United States of America James Whitcomb Riley has made the common life musical with a gay and haunting gladness edged by pensive and gentle regret. And Edgar Lee Masters has allowed us to escape nothing that is sordid and mean and beastly in *The Spoon River Anthology,* though withal he does at rare intervals allow us to see a strange flame of moral and spiritual beauty. To go back to the New England group, Longfellow saw everything, even the simplest human experience, through the eyes of a reflective man of erudition. The author of "The Village Blacksmith" was the author of the "Sonnet on the Divine Comedy." But it was

significant that he did see common life with windows open to every insight of his richly stored mind. Lowell was more sophisticated, but the "Biglow Papers" show with what respect he viewed the everyday New England mind. Whittier lived in regions suffused with light beyond this mortal sphere, but "Snow Bound" shows what bright human light he knew too as it fell about the lives of simple people. Our new poets are usually busy with small bits of life. Their revolt is often full of anger. Their sense of the body is often surer than their sense of the soul. But they are not without understanding sympathy for types of life and struggle of which men have known and thought too little. At all events the story of the common life has a deep and commanding appeal to all sorts of minds which have been influenced by recent and by contemporary humanism. We have at least learned that the annals of the poor seem short and simple only if we do not take the trouble to know and understand them. To go back to England, there is nothing about which we can feel condescending, not even with friendly superiority, in the terrible moral realism and the blazing spiritual power of John Masefield's *Everlasting Mercy*.

The evangelical spirit is full of an interest in the common man which comes very close to this humanistic interest. "Let me live in my house by the side of the road and be a friend to man" expresses the practical demand of religion as it glows in many an evangelical heart. The pastor who approaches his work with deep and responsive sympathy learns that many of his supreme moral and spiritual inspirations come from very simple people living in very unpretentious homes. The

thing which Wordsworth found in everyday people in the lake country of England the evangelical pastor is all the while finding in his parish. He knows the tragedy and he learns the glory of the common man. And in this experience it is easy for him to unite the humanism of democracy and the friendly sympathy of the evangelical preacher who is walking in the footsteps of Him whom the common people heard so gladly.

There are contacts too between the conscience of humanism and the evangelical conscience. The subject is complex and baffling and the differences as well as the similarities must be frankly considered. The latter we defer to the next lecture. In the meantime we must admit that humanism is capable of developing a very stern and demanding conscience. There are those who would assert that its conscience has to do with æsthetics more than ethics, with manners more than with character. The reader of Sainte-Beuve's brilliant portraits of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries in France will have examples enough of the type of humanism whose conscience is much more alive in matters of taste than in matters which have to do with morals. But even here there is the flame of a moral demand which even the brilliant humanism of the court of Louis XIV could not completely ignore.

As a matter of fact, reflective humanism has always tended to develop a clear sense of values which the conscience must not ignore. And in these things again and again it has found itself the ally of the evangelical conscience.

In fact, sometimes its demand has seemed more stern and more firm than that of the evangelical. For

once and again the evangelical doctrines of repentance and forgiveness have been so interpreted as to make way for at least a little of the poison of antinomianism, and so the moral pressure of the evangelical position has been relaxed. When men have been inclined to feel that the possession of an emotional religious experience could be accepted as a substitute for the facing of moral responsibility sometimes the conscience of humanism has reenforced the flagging energies of men who called themselves evangelicals. No doubt evangelical piety when fully conscious of the meaning of its own life from the days of Paul until our own has been alive with moral passion. The man has never understood Jesus Christ who has dared to believe that he could love righteousness less because his heart had been mellowed by the love of Christ. Indeed, it is only the great saints in the evangelical succession who have been capable of the deepest sort of repentance. They have come to have at least a glimmering sense of what a tragic thing evil is in the eyes of Christ. At all events the keenest perceptions of the evangelical conscience and the noblest enthusiasms of humanistic passion often flow together and move on in happy harmony, reenforcing and supplementing each other.

The moment's notice of the lawlessness inherent in a misinterpretation of evangelicalism opens the way to a consideration of the freedom of humanism and the freedom of grace and of the friendly fashion in which they may meet. The freedom of humanism is the freedom of the pilot of an aeroplane. He moves through the air at great heights just because he is perfectly observing the behests of physical law. It is precisely in obeying that he finds this happy liberty.

The humanist is all the while trying to discover the laws of nature and of life in order that by conforming to them he may escape from slavery into an amazing freedom. Law is his emancipation. Law is not a slave driver.

The man who inherits the greatest tradition of the doctrines of grace does not fall into the abyss waiting for those who confuse Christian freedom with anarchy. He is more insistent upon his faithfulness as a Christian freeman than he was as a slave driven by duty. But he has a new motive if he does not have a new code. In Jesus Christ the law has become personal. It looks out of living eyes. It speaks in a compassionate human voice. And you can love a person. You can find driven loyalty changed to glad devotion. You can find duty transcended in a passionate gladness. You do the same things with a new motive. "I ought" has been changed to "I want." You have all the spontaneous freedom the anarchist desires and at the same moment you are faithful to the behests which command the loyalist. The moral law as it lives in Jesus has captured your imagination and won your heart. You have freedom in law and not freedom from law. Because the impersonal has been made personal the hardness and the rigidity and oppressive pressure of law vanish forever.

It is easy to see that the humanistic freedom and the evangelical freedom are not really opposed to each other. In fact, they fit together. They supplement each other. And the man in whose mind and heart the union has been achieved has a new and glorious power in life. He is loyal to all the great sanctions at the very moment when he is most nobly free.

This brings us to the last matter we wish to discuss in relation to the points of contact between the two great movements. We must not fail to consider the creative qualities inherent in humanism and the creative inspirations released by the evangelical faith. There is no more difficult subject than that which has to do with the causes of creative vitality. The fifth century in Athens with all its astounding achievement comes and goes. What were the real causes of it all? Why did not the tides flow higher and higher? There are many things we can say in answer to these questions. Probably nobody ever feels that the answers are adequate. The thirteenth century has its own flowering qualities in respect of the intellect, the conscience, and the heart. On the whole it is one of the most wonderful centuries in the life of the world. What really lay behind it? Why was it followed by the breakdown and tragedy of the fourteenth century? The sixteenth century in England had an amazing grandeur. What really led up to it? Why did not the creative energy remain in full power? The seventeenth century in France brought a sort of Augustan magnificence. What really caused it? Why did it not continue? There is something tantalising about such questions. The more we know the more we feel that our answers leave depths of unpenetrated mystery.

But for all this we know that there is such a thing as creative energy in humanism at its best. There is a period of Arabian civilisation which reveals it in full flower. As we have already seen, the Renaissance is bright with the glory of it. And those who understand anything of the secret of evangelical religion know that here too there are secrets of creative vitality.

The apostolic age is a burst of life in a decadent day. The Reformation amid clouds and darkness reveals amazing secrets of exuberant and joyous life. The Wesleyan Revival simply palpitates with creative vitality.

And these two varieties of creative energy—the humanistic and the evangelical—are not so far apart as they might seem. In fact, it is not too much to claim that whenever you have a truly commanding religious movement it tends to work itself out in a humanistic expression sooner or later. And it is equally true that the energies of humanism are always quickened and deepened if the currents of religion begin to move more potently in public life. The two things really belong together, and it is only when they fail to understand themselves or each other or both that they appear in clenched antagonism. Far beneath the surface every really vital movement which is true and sound feeds and enriches every other vital movement which is equally true and sound.

The realisation of the meaning of all these friendly contacts will be fruitful in many ways. It will give a new sense of the unity of life. It will give a new apprehension of the organic quality of experience.

Enormous numbers of people in the world are unhappy because of the heart-breaking dualism of their lives. When this dualism is caused by a battle between good and evil or by a conflict between truth and falsehood, of course the only thing to do is to allow the struggle to go on until one of the foes is utterly defeated. But rather too often the fighting is the contention of masked figures struggling in the dark. And it is frequently true that if in a sudden gleam of light

through the darkened sky they should remove their disguises and each should see the face of the other, they would be astonished to find that they are friends, not foes. In Matthew Arnold's magnificent poem "Sohrab and Rustum" the father and the son meet in deadly conflict and only when it is too late each is revealed to the other. It is so with many of the conflicts between humanism and evangelicalism. Too often it has been true that neither has understood the watchwords of the other. And so in mutual misunderstanding the unnecessary fighting has gone on. The truth is that humanism at its best has no conflict with evangelicalism at its noblest. As to a decadent humanism and an ignoble evangelicalism, or a humanism which does not know its limitations and an evangelicalism which has not seen its own implications—here we have a series of problems which must be reserved for the next lecture.

## VIII

## POINTS OF DIVERGENCE BETWEEN EVANGELICALISM AND HUMANISM

At the Mürren Conference held in the month of September, 1924, Dr. John A. Hutton made a characteristically vivid and stimulating contribution in his discussion of the theme "The Evangel and Humanism." His utterance is one of those deeply suggestive bits of impressionistic thinking where the author more or less shifts his own position as he proceeds, and where the whole may be likened to a series of photographs taken from somewhat varying positions, all of them illuminating and all of them significant. About the possibility of divergence between humanism and Christianity he speaks with an almost blunt frankness: "Give humanism rope enough and it will hang itself. Humanism leads inevitably to its own refutation. The great proof that humanism does not contain sufficient truth for man is that it simply does not work. Humanism ends in a tragic or dreary or desperate view of life." Plainly, this cannot be the same humanism of which he says earlier in the same discussion, "A mind of a certain order can never cease to regret that the Alexandrian theology has, on the whole, so little dominated the later Christian Church. It may be that it was God's intention that the great humanistic movement should not join the main stream at that early stage." It cannot be the same humanism of which he says, "One cannot read the New Testament with fair-

ness without seeing in the gospel stories the happy way in which what we to-day call humanism plays out and in about the mind of Jesus." The severe and critical note is struck with a sort of sharp conclusiveness in the words, "Humanism in its final resort and resources is a poor equipment whereby a man can stand up to this universe of ours." There is, then, a humanism which wins. And there is a humanism which repulses. There is a humanism which we can associate even with the mind of Jesus, and surely with the Alexandrian theology, and there is a humanism which in its essential impulse is contrary to the very genius of Christian faith.

If we come down to the closest sort of analysis, there is probably no necessity of quarreling with that which Doctor Hutton desires to assert. And this, I take it, is just that a self-sufficient humanism cannot come to terms with historical Christianity. Or, to use the terminology which we are accepting for this discussion, a humanism which claims resources for the complete fulfilment of the nature of man is bound to part company with any sort of vital evangelical faith. Dr. Albert Parker Fitch put this in one searching and penetrating sentence: "Humanism makes an inhuman demand upon the will." In other words, humanism may furnish the gateway to the temple of religion. But it can never furnish the altar upon which a sacrifice is to be offered. And it can never furnish the sacrifice itself. Or, if these phrases savour too much of images easily misunderstood, the whole matter may be put in this fashion: humanism can furnish the temple. It can never furnish the Deity who is worshipped there.

It can scarcely be denied that a perpetual tendency of historic humanism takes the direction of attempting to furnish not only a diagnosis but also a prescription in respect of the needs of humanity. The result, it must be confessed, is a particularly pathetic sort of failure. And this at least helps to account for the impatience which a good many evangelicals evince the moment they begin to discuss humanism. They manifest what they would probably be willing to admit is a species of noble intolerance the moment the subject is mentioned. Matthew Arnold's "morality touched by emotion" is never likely to arouse vigorous enthusiasm on the part of an evangelical. It always seems to men of deep experience of the struggle, the passion, and the victory of evangelical experience that a self-sufficient humanism is somehow like the play of Hamlet with the Prince of Denmark left out. Life is vaster. Life is more terrible. It is more tragic. It is more glorious than the humanistic appraisal and the humanistic solution would admit. There are jolly little plays which seem all very well until you compare them with a great tragedy like King Lear. Then you see clearly enough that they are playing with the surfaces of life. There are bright little boats which are all very well in a protected bay on a lovely summer's day. But you would not want to be alone in one of them in mid-ocean in a storm. Humanism was not built for ocean travel. And it was not built for the wild and bitter winter storms. I am afraid that a complacent and self-sufficient humanism deserves just the sort of things which a critical and wrathful evangelicalism has said about it. There is sometimes something not at all lovely about the assumption of critical finality on the part of

this sort of humanism. Robert Louis Stevenson put it all into one wickedly bitter sentence when in his South Sea Island home he heard of the death of Matthew Arnold. "Poor Arnold," he said, "he's dead now —gone to heaven—and he won't like God." At once you feel the unfairness of this to a really gallant spirit fighting for gracious and noble things and fighting against heavy odds. But for all that the cruel sentence sticks like a burr in your mind. And it sticks in this fashion just because of the element of truth which it contains. The truth is that the humanist has not often been tempted to make his own the humility of the publican in the parable of Jesus. Perhaps it is just a little difficult for men as sure of themselves as some humanists are to go down to their own houses from the Temple justified. So an insight which emerged when we considered the weaknesses of humanism stands out in very clear perspective when we consider the inevitable break between an assured and self-conscious humanism and a vital, vivid, glowing, evangelical faith.

It must now be said quite without hesitation—and the more clearly because what would seem so obvious a truth is not always unhesitatingly apprehended—that a pagan humanist cannot live happily with ethical evangelicalism. The Ten Commandments lie at the very heart of the evangelical faith, and any movement which treats them lightly is sure to rouse all the fighting energy of evangelicalism. It is conceded that the matter is not quite so easy as our downright assertion may seem to suggest. There is a possible formal allegiance to ethical values which has no sense whatever of their true meaning. And there is a revolt which is really ready to be loyal to the reality at the heart of the

convention which it feels that it must fight. It is the convention and not the reality which arouses its hostility. It is also true that when a thing is structurally a part of you it involves a subtle note of falseness to be all the while thinking about it. It is where a loyalty is so deep that it is instinctive that it is most sincere and most potent. A clever American writer once wrote a story of an old Negro preacher who wore a Prince Albert coat on which the Ten Commandments were embroidered in many colors. A good many people who are too sophisticated to make the mistake of the picturesque old Negro minister are not incapable of its equivalent on a different level. Their ethical loyalty gets into their speech. It never gets into their hearts. Jeremiah's new covenant is the only real safety for a man or for a society. It is when the new heart is a heart of ethical passion that all is well with men and nations. And, of course, the artificial is no more attractive when it is a great and noble reality whose phrases it is prostituting to its own superficial purposes than at any other time. A revolt is inevitable enough.

It is also true that there is a simple and hearty love of beauty which is at the moment asking no questions, which is just accepting gladness in the presence of the lovely as a happy gift of life; and if there is suddenly protruded upon this experience the demand that it be stretched upon an ethical framework, there is irritation and anger at once. You do not want to have even the Golden Rule painted upon every glorious protruding cliff which thrusts its strength into the oncoming attack of the invading sea.

It remains true, however, that there is a deep place

where ethics and æsthetics meet. And it is also true that at a certain point the love of the beautiful must either open its heart to moral and spiritual passion or begin to descend to lower regions for vital experience. The temple of beauty either has windows open toward the city of Jerusalem or the City of the Dreadful Night, and it does make an eternal difference through which window the worshipper looks out.

When you drink in the liquid loveliness of the poetry of Keats there comes to you a sense of happiness in the presence of beautiful words and beautiful images and beautiful music which seems an experience entirely complete in itself. And no doubt it is intended that we should have many an experience of joy in beauty which is a bright relief from the incessant presence of great moral problems. There is a difference, however, between a vacation and a life which consists of nothing but vacation, no weeks of steady and upbuilding discipline, no months engaged with the demanding technique of training. And beauty itself must become moral and spiritual loveliness if it is to receive its crown and its full royalty. The man who does not know that there is a difference between the "Ode to a Grecian Urn" and the "Divine Comedy" which has nothing to do with the length of the poems, a difference which comes to a final expression where loveliness is wedded to sublimity in Dante's rose of love and fire, has never comprehended the range of beauty, has never at all understood the meaning of its Alpine heights.

The humanism which would experiment without any sense of moral inhibitions develops into a paganism of a peculiarly devastating sort. "To be sure, I go out to dine with the bad of life," Oscar Wilde is reported

to have said, as if the invention of a clever and urbane phrase would justify the plucking of the dark flowers of lawless indulgence. There is a passion for fulness of experience which easily loses all perspective and in which a dependable sense of values completely disappears. The entire lack of scientific candour at this point is very extraordinary. One would never think of calling a man's range of experience pitiably small and provincial if he had managed to get through life without experiencing the most dreaded diseases to which the human organism falls a prey. One would not say, "My friend Jones would have had an ampler and richer experience if he had only managed to pass through an attack of smallpox. He might even have the unusual æsthetic distinction of possessing some of those clear and unmistakable marks which the disease sometimes leaves upon a man's face." All this would sound like something more than folly. It would suggest insanity. But why should we desire the moral equivalent of smallpox? Why should we feel that no man or woman is completely cosmopolitan who has not become infected with various germs of moral disease? The life which possesses the sort of exalted humanism which claims the right of experiment with all the discredited vices is simply the life which has refused to learn from the experience of others. And really, the only genuine difference between civilisation and barbarity lies right at this point. The civilised man is willing to make the most of vicarious experience.

In the United States of America Mr. H. L. Mencken is the prophet of that movement for a liberty which means license without shame and without inhibitions. The fact that some men in good health are not good

company is in Mr. Mencken's eyes sufficient reason for the apotheosis of every sort of moral disease. He has developed a positive hatred of health. And pure blood and actual soundness he cries down as proofs of the last stages of degeneracy. He is sure that only the diseased are well. Only those with a passionate interest in the abnormal are normal. The hectic beauty of a person in the last stages of a kind of ethical tuberculosis fills him with a kind of lyrical joy. He is quite clear that no man who keeps his life morally clean can be robust. A man who is faithful to his wife, it would appear, cannot possibly be a man of honour.

There are a good many apostles of this sort of emancipation in the United States. They are fairly bewildered by the glaring light of their own insights. And well they may be. They have come at length to understand that only lust is virile, that only decadence is the basis of high character, that only falseness is the bedrock of truth, that the vices the world has hated for thousands of years are the super virtues of the new freedom. They have developed the cult which is bored by the quiet beauty of a well-bred house. They have come at last to the fairly apocalyptic insight that the decaying is the really beautiful, the disintegrating is the really noble. The esoteric taste which finds loveliness in that which has the savour of death has at last come to its own.

Of course an evangelicalism which has any sort of ethical vitality is arrayed in shining armour and comes forth with sword drawn in the presence of this sort of pagan humanism. It is not so much a matter of argument as simply a matter of health. Ethical evangelicalism has vastly increased the areas of moral health

in the world. And health has an entirely instinctive and an entirely sound reaction of repulsion in the presence of that which produces disease. It simply insists that you must not take the section of a modern hospital in which contagious diseases have been segregated and call it an art gallery to which the public is invited. Pagan humanism can bombard this sort of robust evangelicalism with no end of ugly and bitter adjectives. It really matters very little. And you do not improve the germs of frightful diseases by attaching to them lovely adjectives to be used as wings by which they may fly. The love of experimenting with evil is not at all the mark of a super civilisation. It is only the mark of a decadent mind.

We are dealing with less lurid things though still with matters which are very significant when we go on to say that an evasive humanism can never be harmonised with an evangelicalism whose conscience is awake. A writer of the type of Samuel Butler takes ample toll of the hypocrisies of evangelicalism in such a terrible study as *The Way of All Flesh.* It is rather important that someone should make a very honest and remorselessly candid study of the hypocrisies of a certain type of humanism. It is astounding to see the agility with which certain men will avoid the area where they would find it necessary to come face to face with unpleasant truths. How men can analyse the evil in which they are not personally tempted to indulge! With what delicate responsiveness to invisible stimuli they avoid the necessity of dealing with the particular evil which lies coiled comfortable and complacent in their own heart!

The most you can say of this type of humanism is

that it has a keen eye for ignorance, while it is entirely incapable of seeing sin. It is very clear in its understanding of the situation where man is an unhappy and blameless victim. It becomes suddenly colour blind when it confronts the situation where man is in his own choice a proud and scornful and guilty degenerate. The weakness of humanity it deplores. The perversity of humanity it explains away. The misfortunes of humanity arouse its tears of sympathy. The sins of humanity send it hurrying off to find expansive words like heredity and environment in whose cumbrous folds all sense of personal responsibility can be completely lost.

Now we are not for a moment suggesting that there is not much truth in what this type of humanism affirms. There is blameless ignorance in the world—masses and masses of it. There is tragic misfortune among men. Heredity does oppress and environment does debauch. And all of this deserves infinite sympathy and understanding and patient loving education. But what we are saying is that all this does not exhaust the facts. It does not touch the most crucial facts. It fails to perceive life's central tragedy. For life's cruel and abiding problem is not the problem of ignorance. It is the problem of malignant rejoicing in evil which is known to be evil. It is the deliberate choice of wrong, with a sort of pseudo-kingly gladness in the evil choice. To see that a thing is evil and destructive and yet to love it and want it and choose it whoever and whatever suffers—that is the central and baffling evil in the human heart. And it is an evil which the evasive type of humanism has never candidly and honestly considered.

At once it must be said that by its very genius and history the evangelicalism of the awakened conscience has met this darkest tragedy in every generation since Jesus has been in the world. It has become a mighty expert in diagnosis and prescription in respect of this most deadly evil. It knows—how well twenty centuries of sad experience have taught it!—that an honest diagnosis is the first step toward a cure. And so it sets its forces in battle array in the presence of that humanism which with instinctive distaste turns both from the word and the fact of sin.

Having said all this, we must admit with equal frankness that there are inadequate types of evangelicalism which are rebuked by the qualities of the nobler forms of humanism. An evangelicalism whose theology is mechanical and unethical cannot be joined to a humanism vital in its experience and passionately ethical in its attitude. The theological sins of representatives of the evangelical faith have been the bewilderment and the burden of earnest spirits for many a century. Storms of protest against hard and rigid and mechanical theologies have arisen age after age. God has been caricatured by many a theological exposition set forth to do him honour. Jesus Christ has been crucified upon hard and rigid formulas. Sin has been discussed in language which could but repulse a mind equipped with a sound sense of moral values. The cross has been interpreted in such a fashion as to cover it with dishonour. It almost seems that Christianity has suffered everything it could suffer at the hands of thinkers caught in the rigid processes of their own dialectic, and lost to all sense of the moral and spiritual values which are the glory of religion. And

all of this has come to pass in the name of the evangelical faith.

All the while humanists of clear and candid eye have looked on with bitter disillusionment and with hostile astonishment. It is to be admitted that if they had studied the psychology of some of these cruel theologies rather than their logic they might have understood them better. As it was they analysed their statements with cool scientific precision, and found them not merely wanting but sometimes diabolical. A certain type of passionately intense theologian has possessed an almost fatal gift for affronting the moral sense of the humanist. Luther's controversy with Erasmus regarding free will illustrates clearly enough what we mean. But it is not of examples—lying all along the history of Christian thinking—but of principles that we are now thinking. The situation becomes more intense when it is not the theologians but the popular evangelists of the more hectic and less discerning type who are put over against the cool and dispassionate humanists. The entire lack of a sense of ethical responsibility for careful statement on the part of many evangelists of wide notoriety has been one of the astounding phases of the popular expression of religion. In such cases it is feared that the humanist is tempted to go—if at all—to scoff and it is to be feared that he does not remain to pray.

The contention regarding the application of scientific criticism to the study of the documents which go to make up the Old Testament and the New is a part of the same general situation. And there has been fighting over a wide battle line. The right of the critics to be heard must be conceded. And the necessity that

they take account of moral and spiritual facts as well as of facts of grammar and language when they approach the final summing up, must be asserted too. The humanist is usually on the side of the critics. The evangelical is increasingly on their side too, though he never forgets that there are things in religion and vitalities in the Bible beyond the reach of merely logical analysis. When a certain type of evangelical becomes so fearful of an unspiritual criticism that he falls into a panic you have the curious growth which in the United States of America is called Fundamentalism. The advocate of this propaganda of fear needs to learn that the only escape from the errors of criticism is through a clearer and more adequate application of the critical apparatus. You cannot serve Christianity by a complex of fear.

We are reminded of a situation all too characteristic of certain phases of the religious life of the nineteenth century and of the present period when we say that an evangelicalism which substitutes an inner experience for a facing of life's practical ethical and social responsibilities cannot be reconciled with a humanism which is alive to the problem of personal and social relationships. It must be said at once that such a movement as the Great Revival of the eighteenth century literally flowered out in evidences of new life in every relationship. Reformers of every kind received new blood from the Great Revival. Its by-products were felt in every personal and social aspect of life. But it is also necessary to say that this happy situation has by no means always followed the powerful and vivid presentation of the evangelistic message. No doubt even in the Great Revival there were hypo-

crites. There are always men who are ready to accept the form without seeking the power of godliness. And no doubt we must be careful in holding the evangelical faith responsible for that process of counterfeiting which is the tribute which vice constantly pays to virtue. At the same time it must be admitted that the evangelical experience has been particularly liable to just this sort of prostitution. Paul met the problem as he went about founding churches. And in every dramatic and potent movement of the evangelical spirit there have been those who were ready to accept the emotional thrill of the experience without being willing to face its moral responsibilities.

This situation has become particularly acute since the exigencies of the life of our own time and the response of earnest men to their demands have created a social conscience of searching quality and of passionate power. There are young men all over the United States of America to whom Josiah Strong's book, *The Challenge of the City,* brought a new understanding of the meaning of social responsibility. His earlier and his later work and all the literary activity of the multitudes of men and women who caught the same vision of need and hope have literally filled the land with a consciousness of man as a society. Young people in all the colleges and universities, and in untold numbers of organisations in connection with the churches, are learning to think and feel in social terms. The yeast of this new life is a particularly stirring influence in the United States just because of its strangely mixed population and the immense pressure of its industrial and economic problems. Twenty nationalities with varied traditions and languages and

with varied attitudes toward life may be working in one great system of mines. The confusion which comes when a great strike disturbs the region may be imagined. The tragedy of the inarticulate is nowhere more full of bitter and tragic pathos than among some of these foreign groups. The marvelously efficient organisation of many of the instruments of production and transportation and salesmanship in the United States has added to the intensity and difficulty of the situation. For too often the individual is only an economic unit in the vast machine and the deeper interests of his life may come in for all too scant consideration. The situation has been somewhat alleviated by the immense resources of the United States and the astounding productivity of its industries. But even with an almost continental empire to exploit every day brings nearer the time when the pressure of crowded population will add to the bitterness of the situation. Indeed, in many of our cities a period of industrial depression speedily produces tragic results even now. The age of the automatic machine has arrived and man is in full possession of the mechanism of production which we have evolved. This means a thousand new problems. The unskilled worker can do what was once only possible for the skilled worker. And his fairly large salary, with the maximum, however, speedily reached, makes possible a fecundity on the part of the relatively unfit which has never been known among us before. The automatic worker must be taught to use his leisure in productive and upbuilding fashion or our whole civilisation is at stake. Even in the United States poverty has shown a singular power to produce tragic and degrading misery. The

underprivileged haunt us with eyes sometimes of sullen bitterness, sometimes of inarticulate pain. Then there is the prosperity—at times the astounding wealth—which has come to those who have passed through no discipline which has made them capable of discharging the obligations which come with great possessions in any adequate or understanding fashion. To be sure there are multitudes of men of good will, there are highly trained specialists working at every one of our problems, and the organised charities in the cities are often a marvel of efficiency. But the deep, structural elements of the situation confront us with far-reaching possibilities of suffering and tragedy which fairly startle the imagination. The organisation of life for the protecting and developing of personality is a task we have scarcely entered upon. The placing of property and personality in the right relation is a matter we cannot evade. The building of the society of good will is our most challenging opportunity and our greatest hope.

It is easy to see that in the presence of all this seething unrest and turbulent movement any ecclesiastical group which restricts its vision, its message, and its service to the spiritual life of the individual is bound to confront the cold and angry hostility of those who are awake and aware in respect of the whole social situation. And the type of religion which leaves the complacent magnate in happy possession of all the peace which comes from personal piety without even confronting him by his vast and varied social responsibilities is a menace not only to the man who is allowed to sink into a fatty degeneration of personal irresponsibility but also to the church and to society at

large. It is also true that when labor organises it is all too easy for it to be content with the promotion of merely material aims. Unscrupulous leaders impart something of their own sordidness to the movement when they are in power. And the church which avoids its share in the task of keeping moral and spiritual sanctions alive in the consciousness of the labor group is failing at a point of supreme strategy. Not in the lonely isolation of a piety untouched by the smoke of factories, and the dust of mines, and away from the noises of the machinery of our modern life, but in the midst of it all is religion to do its work. The type of evangelicalism which fails to see this is sure to meet harsh and unhesitating rebuke from the type of humanism which sees it only too well.

The whole world is making demands of all the people who live in it just now. And there is every indication that these demands will increase rather than diminish. In the future all of our significant decisions will have to be made in the light of the situation in the whole world. And in this connection we must say very definitely that a provincial evangelicalism will always be rebuked by a cosmopolitan humanism. The humanist of the best sort keeps the globe before his eyes. He thinks in the terms of all the civilisations. He thinks in the terms of all the types of culture. He thinks in the terms of all the great movements of the nations. He studies the politics of the world, and all the movements which affect its life. He studies the intellectual output of all nations as far as he can make it his own. He is a citizen of the whole world.

Now, it is not hard to see that when this man, fairly tingling with a consciousness of the ebb and flow of

great movements in the world, finds himself in the presence of the provincial evangelical he is tempted to feel that they have nothing in common. It seems to him that he is dealing with a man who does not live at all in the world in which his body moves about. And he feels a vigorous and somewhat irritated impatience.

It is a matter of a good deal of significance that the humanist has been a leader in the movement against war. It was not an accident that Erasmus brought the power of his clear and penetrating mind to bear upon the problem. The humanist knows that a world at peace is a world where all good and productive things have an opportunity to grow and thrive. He also knows that a world at war is a world where many of the most priceless treasures of civilisation and many of the deepest sanctions of ethics fall into decay. He has no patience at all for the belligerent evangelical, or for the evangelical who ignores the menace of war. He sees clearly enough the religious interests at stake. He sees that in every war each nation is tempted to think of God as a tribal Deity with a stake in its victory. Not often do men rise to the height of those Hebrew prophets who saw that the God of all the earth might have an interest in the defeat of the nation they loved the most. The great humanists have had a great share in the attempt to put upon the conscience of humanity the demand for a warless world. Their successors feel that they have a right to expect support and not opposition from the evangelicals in the great endeavour. And recent movements in the evangelical churches indicate that this expectation will be abundantly justified.

But it must be conceded candidly that sometimes it is the humanist who is the provincial and the evangelical who is the cosmopolitan. The missionary enterprise is one of the supreme glories of evangelicalism. And humanists have not always understood the meaning or the greatness of the movement to win the world for Jesus Christ. In the midst of the unrest of the Napoleonic period a new sense of the obligation to bring Christ and all for which he stands within the reach of every man and woman and child of every nation and every race came to the evangelical groups of the Christian Church. It seemed an audacious conception. It called men to embark upon an enterprise which had every appearance of being foolhardy.

"Do you expect to make an impression upon the great empire of China?" asked a sneering critic of an early outgoing apostle of the faith.

"No," replied the dauntless missionary, "but I expect Jesus Christ to do it."

A great and unfolding story of heroism, of self-sacrifice, of enduring love, and conquering faith, is the gift of the years since the beginning of the modern missionary enterprise. And through its summons and through its achievement God has indeed put the world in the heart of the church. Great native Christian enterprises have arisen in country after country. And these new churches have met, and met triumphantly, the greatest test of all—the test of persecution.

There is, however, a touch of worldly cynicism about a good deal of the humanistic movement which hesitates and draws back before the assumptions and the summons of the missionary enterprise. And the romantic enthusiasm, the almost gay defiance of hard

and ugly facts on the part of many a missionary have disturbed the more conservative humanists and often have left their hearts cold. Highly trained humanists have missed the meaning of the whole movement. It is the humanist and not the missionary, however, who is judged when a highly trained mind of large and usually sympathetic outlook shows itself incapable of understanding the passion for the evangelisation of the world. The history of the achievements of the last hundred years on wide areas of the world on the part of the Christian faith is the answer to cavil and criticism. The mistakes of the missionaries have been incidental to a commanding and creative movement. They have not been of its essence.

Clearly, then, the humanist and the evangelical may look out upon the world with different eyes. But just as clearly this is when either the humanist or the evangelical or both have been caught in the coils of prejudice or the confusions of a partly illuminated mind. When each is at his best they are friends and not antagonists.

# IX

## EVANGELICAL HUMANISM

Principal Peter Taylor Forsyth was one of the most brilliant dialecticians of the period which lies immediately behind us. He was a master of vivid, glittering, stabbing paradox. He bombarded the mind with all the roar and flame and, one must admit, something of the smoke of heavy artillery. Every sentence was a high explosive. He saw so swiftly and with such clairvoyant insight into baffling and almost contradicting relationships that only darting epigrams could do justice to the quality of his thought. He had exhaustless intellectual curiosity, a moral passion which glowed like a fire in his heart and in his speech, and a perception of the basis and the meaning of evangelical faith and life whose depth was only equaled by its brilliant and sometimes baffling expression. No man of his time represented the evangelical tradition with more rugged, persistent, and compelling power. It is extremely significant that a man of just Principal Forsyth's temper and quality and attitude should deliberately set about a reasoned consideration of the relation of art to the great matters of ethical and Christian —especially of evangelical—thought and life. His book, *Christ on Parnassus,* is as far as I know the only volume of this sort of ample range and compass coming from the pen of a great evangelical theologian of the Free churches. Doctor Forsyth makes generous ex-

pression of his debt to Hegel's *Aesthetik* in these matters and speaks with hearty enthusiasm of Lessing's Laocöon. Indeed, he is altogether too sweeping in his acknowledgment of indebtedness, for whatever is taken from Hegel is passed through the alembic of his own mind and comes forth definitely bearing its quality. But for that matter we all know that all that he received from any source he made his own before he sent it from the mint of his mind with his own superscription upon it. The consideration of the art impulse, of its relation to the Greeks and the Hebrews, of its Christian expression, of the particular characteristics and capacities of painting, architecture, music and poetry and of the relation of art, ethics, and religion, gives us a volume of swift-moving yet coherent thinking, of flashing and revealing insight, and of noble interpretation to which we will do well to go back again and again. Doctor Forsyth would have been the first man to admit that there was no claim to finality in his study of the relations of art and religion. But he lifts the questions which must be faced and answered. And once and again his answers do give us the feeling that they penetrate to the root of the matter. That "religion, especially Christianity, if real and deep, affects the whole man and the whole society" he saw clearly. That Christ must go to Parnassus he saw equally well. In this book the evangelical mind and the evangelical conscience confront the task of a Christian interpretation of beauty.

Before returning to Great Britain from the United States of America Dr. John Kelman gave the William Belden Noble Lectures at Harvard University. It was a matter of deep pleasure to all his friends that Doctor

Kelman—in whom the Greek spirit lives in such happy and gracious fashion—chose as his theme a study which made necessary an investigation of the relationships between Hebraism and Hellenism. This series of the Belden Lectures was published under the title *Prophets of Yesterday and Their Message for To-day.* The book is a fine example of Hegelian dialectic expressed in clear and effective words. Doctor Kelman believes that in age after age there has been the play of the Hebrew and the Greek spirit. His appraisal of the general situation is sound and understanding, but he gives himself particularly to a careful investigation of the working out of these processes in nineteenth century England. In Thomas Carlyle he sees the thesis—the representative of the Hebrew spirit; in Matthew Arnold he sees the antithesis—the representative of the Greek spirit; in Robert Browning he sees the synthesis the happy uniting of the deepest elements of the Hebrew and the Greek attitudes toward life. And in this harmony we see Browning taking the position which expresses the true spirit of Christianity. This volume of capable thinking and skilful exposition shows us how a Christian minister who long ago lost his heart to Attica will deal with the problem lifted when we consider the relation of humanism to the Christian faith. For that, after all, lies in the background all the while when Doctor Kelman is speaking of Carlyle or Arnold or Browning. Some years ago in what was really an astounding *tour de force* in the two volumes of *The Road of Life* in which he interprets *The Pilgrim's Progress,* Doctor Kelman made it clear that it is possible to make even John Bunyan speak Greek. No one has covered all the literature he

ought to know in respect of *The Pilgrim's Progress* until he has read these volumes. Perhaps the Bedford Tinker would be a little surprised to find himself making so free of Athens, but for all that the interpretations are full of insight, and once and again they strike solid truth.

If the Greek has a masterful place in the union as Doctor Kelman works out the synthesis, the evangelical is in easy control of all the strategic fortresses in Doctor Forsyth's discussion. And what may be said of Doctor Forsyth must be said even more emphatically of Dr. Alexander Whyte, with whom Doctor Kelman was so happily associated at Free Saint George's in Edinburgh. It is not that Doctor Whyte worked out these things in a formal treatise. He worked them out in his experience and activities. It is scarcely putting the matter too strongly to say that Doctor Whyte was not only the greatest preacher to the conscience in the English-speaking world of his period, but also a winged representative of the union of attitudes not often found together. All that was vital in the evangelical tradition lived in him. But he could never forget the sweet humanities of the classic world. The gracious lights of those older days are all the while playing over his writing. To be sure, his great and commanding luminary is the Sun of Righteousness with healing in his wings; and that light shines with such burning power—warming and life-giving too, it must be said—that many of his readers think of that light alone. But Doctor Whyte never forgot what he owed to the classics. And in a deeper sense than many realized he was a humanist whose humanism was all the more assured and happy because

of his evangelical experience. You knew that he was offering you the freedom of Jerusalem the Golden. And it may have been with some surprise that you at last discovered that he had also offered you the freedom of Athens and of Rome.

All this at least illustrates the fashion in which the man of the evangelical tradition finds himself face to face with the demand of humanism that it be considered, understood, and given a place in the life of the man who desires his relationships to cover as large an area as that of wholesome and productive human experience. The vital elements of life are not willing to remain apart. They tend to fuse and to become one.

As we come to a close of our discussion, then, we are to think together of the possibilities and opportunities which lie before evangelical humanism. We are to think of that great synthesis in which the spirit of Athens and the spirit of Jerusalem actually become one. We are to see the fashion in which evangelicalism completes humanism at every critical moment of its unfolding life.

Browning's poem, "A Grammarian's Funeral," pictures the disciples of a great humanist carrying him to the top of the mountain for burial:

"Let us begin to carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes
Each in its tether.
. . . . . .
That's the appropriate country; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop;
Seek we sepulture
On the tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture!

All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels;
Clouds overcome it:
No! yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling the summit.
Thither our path lies: wind we up the heights;
Wait ye the warning?
Our low life was the level's and the night's;
He's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders!
This is our master, famous, calm and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

. . . . . .

Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying."

No one with a particle of responsiveness can read these words without quickened heart-beats and tingling blood. How much of the genius of humanism is captured here by means of inevitable and vital words! We thrill with response to it all. We see clearly that the mountaintop belongs to the dead humanist. We see that the heights belong to humanism. But it is precisely because the living spirit of it all ascends to the heights that the farthest and most heaven-kissing cliff of all is the appropriate burial ground for the dead grammarian. Where the snow whitens the summit, where the clouds kiss the lonely hilltops, there humanism sends its votaries. Through the far passes to those distant peaks humanism climbs. And when it comes to the heights a living humanism enters upon a strange and mysterious and profoundly significant experience.

There, as near the sky as leaping crag can support its aspiring feet, humanism reaches the limit of its power. But it does not reach the limit of its desire. Suddenly it knows that it has the instinct for flight. And in the same poignant and potent and tragically revealing moment it knows that it has no wings. There you have the glory and the desperate tragedy of humanism—the instinct for flight! The absence of wings!

There on the lonely mountaintop humanism measures its longings against its powers and knows the bitter pang of its limitations. But the noblest sort of humanism does not fall into pessimism or despair. Vaguely, and yet surely and deeply, it comes to know that the instinct, the deep desire, forms a promise written in the heart itself—a pledge of some profound and satisfying fulfilment. So wistfully and patiently it waits upon its lofty crag. The instinct for flight cries out to the universe for wings.

And the answer to the cry is the coming of the living God. The humanist with the aching heart is ready for the great luminous words of the mightiest prophets of the Old Testament. He is ready with Amos to watch the word "righteousness" grow until it becomes as vast as the character of God. He is ready with Hosea to watch the word "love" grow until it becomes as exhaustless as the heart of God. He is ready for Isaiah and Jeremiah and the great, deep-eyed, mighty-hearted prophet of the Exile. He is ready for the living God. For He it is who gives humanism wings.

One of the great hours in the history of the human spirit is just this hour when the upreach of humanity touches the downreach of Almighty God, when human-

ism at its best is supplemented and glorified by all the sanctions of ethical, personal religion. From the crag to the sky humanism moves at the touch of the living God.

To put all this in a little more concrete form, there comes a time when humanism becomes clearly conscious of limits reached and it needs above everything else a sense of infinite resources, of infinite meanings and experiences within its grasp. All this ethical religion brings. Doctor Dale once wrote nobly of theism as a thing which could be experienced. And the first effect of this experience is precisely that of limitations transcended. It is hardly a figure, it is almost the literal truth to say that a living theism gives humanism wings.

It is often true, however, that you find humanism not on the mountaintop but in the plain, in the midst of the vicissitudes and manifold experiences of life, struggling and contending, vigorous but restless, ever pursuing the quest of the ideal in the midst of the common life. Very nobly and very heroically does humanism reveal its qualities in the plain where the armies of men move forward and backward, where there is bitter warfare, and tragic pain and death. In the midst of the flame and smoke of battle and in the midst of the dust and heat of those wider spaces where the fight is not with visible armies, the flag of humanism floats high. But in all these places its heart knows hours of bitter loneliness and bitter longing. The ideal seems so remote. The real fills the mouth with the taste of dust and as the fight grows intense sometimes with the strange and awful taste of blood. Amidst all this sordid and brutal experience how can one be sure of

the ideal? How can one rely upon the reality of one's rarest and noblest dreams? So with aching heart humanism fights on for a dream of nobility and a dream of beauty in which sometimes it can hardly believe itself. If only—here again to the noblest humanism there comes a sense of something beyond and above itself, something which is the fulfilment of its most evasive intuitions and the fulfilment of its loftiest dreams. And now humanism is ready for the incarnation. It is ready to read the Gospels. It is ready to allow the winds from the New Testament to sweep through its spirit. It is ready for that winsome stainless life, strong in goodness and perfect in beauty, kindling and creative in speech and compassionate and loving in activity, which walks with perfect majesty and joyful humanity through the Gospels. With glowing eyes and with aching yet joyous heart it watches him move out into the hot plains of life, where the fight rages in bitter intensity and the sun blazes with destructive fierceness. He carries the ideal triumphantly there. All that men have scarcely dared to hope or think or dream he made gloriously and glowingly actual there. He did it in spite of the dust and smoke. He did it in spite of the contention and bitter warfare. In spite of lust and lies and rapine and murder he made the perfect actual on the bitter plains of this evil world. The ideal did enter the real. The perfect did prove its kingliness under all the pressures of the life of men. Humanism instictinvely reaches forth for all this. At its best it grasps it with all loyal eagerness. The very crown of humanity, as the Danish theologian Martensen saw so clearly, is the coming into human life of the Son of God. There is always a cry in the heart of

humanism for the incarnation, though its mind is not always clear and keen enough to understand that cry. On the burning sands of the actual it meets the Lord of its Dreams and with happy heart it capitulates. For all that it most desires lives triumphantly in him.

We must admit, however, that we have not yet confronted the darkest or most testing experience of humanism. For sooner or later in some bitter hour it finds itself in the valley wounded and broken. It is a sad experience to stand on the far high peak with the instinct for flight and yet without wings, but, after all, there is a kind of strong nobility about it. To have the heart of a king and yet be without a realm to rule, might seem rather a reflection upon the system which made such a thing possible than upon the man without a kingdom. To move through the plains with the burning heats and the bitter contentions all the while cherishing an unconquerable hope is tragic and yet glorious. For the hero of the plains is all the while challenging the actual in the name of the ideal. He is noble and regal even in his bitter defiance. But when humanism finds itself in the valley wounded and broken with the ugly taste of defeat upon its tongue the hour of testing has actually arrived. For now the failure comes from the foe within and not from the foe without. The defeat is the result of an inner capitulation. "I seemed the fate from which I fled," cried Browning in one of the most revealing lines of "Pauline." And humanism faces its critical hour when it must analyse the poison in its own blood. It confronts the presence of destiny when it must inspect the traitor lurking in the heart of the hero. But it also has come to its most tremendous opportunity. A hu-

manism which will deal honestly with the fact of sin will see all the doors of destiny swing open. A humanism which will deal unflinchingly with personal guilt has met its last and bitterest foe. The temptation at this point to flinch, to evade, to avoid the issue, in some fashion to escape the dire and bleak humiliation of unhesitating honesty and of entire candour is the most subtle and the most menacing humanism will ever meet. You can have courage without facing the fact of sin. You can have a kind of dauntless and glowing comradeship without facing the fact of guilt. But you cannot have the last quality of passionate reality, you cannot have the ultimate glory of terrible honesty without following humanism into the valley where it lies wounded and broken and with clear and candid eyes, and heart honourable in bitter humiliation faces the necessity of surrendering even the most subtle pride and the most evasive complacency as it enters upon the experience of the full meaning of its own moral inadequacy and spiritual treason. And, strangely enough, this last hour of desperate honesty with all its intolerable cost is the greatest moment in the whole history of humanism. It has dared to be completely candid, and though its pride is forever broken it can face the God who is an eternal conscience with the strange peace which comes from the deep knowledge that at least it has turned its back upon all lies. A sinner? Yes! A liar? No! So the gates of the new world begin to move upon their great and massive hinges.

Only so can humanism enter into the full moral and spiritual meaning of the cross. For in this hour of so terrible honesty there is born in its heart a strange

desire for a God who is not afraid of sin, a God who is willing, stainless in his own pure life, to bend to the scourgings of the treason which poisons men's hearts, a God who not only comes into the world like an exquisite blossom the very flower of humanity, but a God who makes the lot of the selfish, the cruel, the depraved, the sullen, the unfaithful, his own. It is all unbelievably great, but in this hour of awful honesty humanism knows that the only God who can capture the last citadel of the human heart is a God who will let sin do its worst to him and yet keep on loving, a God who will turn his loyalty to goodness into a passionate adventure for the rescue of men, a God who will taste death and alienation and all the intolerable loneliness which falls upon the guilty spirit, and wrest from them all the joy of victory and the glory of hope. Can there be such a God? Is there this passion for painful moral adventure in the Divine life? Will God break his heart to heal the heart of men? When humanism comes to its hour of terrible honesty it is capable of lifting such questions as these. And then comes the great and triumphant reply, "See the Christ stand!" Then comes the final insight in the presence of the uplifted cross.

This is all true because on Calvary God becomes most human, and meets humanism at its deepest and most miserable hour of need. It is when the humanist understands and makes his own the Divine Deed of Rescue that all the world is changed for him. It is then also that he makes his own that great and deep word "evangelical."

But there is more to follow, for now we must see humanism standing on the shores of the infinite sea,

taking its place upon some spiritual Land's End and gazing with awed and anxious eyes upon eternity itself. It is curiously and yet not quite strangely true that the very experiences of which we have been speaking cause humanism to crave larger horizons. The more intense the moral passion, the vaster the meaning of the spiritual struggles of man, the greater will become the sweep of his desire, the farther will he send the call of his aspiration. And so the great hour comes when the evangelical humanist needs eternity. Because he has eternity in his heart he desires eternity in his experience. You must have vast interests before the desire for immortality arises. You must have that in your life which only eternity can express before the deep and unforgettable call for it sweeps across the mysterious sea. Without this you would only be bored by eternity. Imagine making automobiles forever! How one would hate the sight of them after a few centuries! It is only when you have found something of which you could never weary that eternity begins to become authentic. And that something is the love of God in our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ. The moral experience of salvation lifts the curtain on the spiritual experience of immortality. So on the edge of the sea the evangelical humanist hears the living Christ his Saviour and Lord declare, "I am the resurrection and the life." He knows with a deep and strange happiness that only eternity can express and unfold that fellowship and all the other fellowships and experiences of the life whose secret of health and whose secret of growth is indeed hid with Christ in God.

And this very transformed and transfigured humanism now goes into the desert. It goes with its mem-

ories and its hopes into the loneliness and the solitudes of the wide and empty places of the world. Like Paul in Arabia it broods and thinks and grows. And at last there begins to emerge in the quiet of the desert under the splendid, clear-eyed stars a deep and glowing passion—the passion for society. It becomes radiantly clear that the great things are not to be the possession of the solitary soul. They are to be the possession of the great society. So deep and pervasive and full of longing is the sense of the great community of brotherly men and women and little children that the evangelical humanist with the deep and beautiful daring of his great experience begins to ask a great and probing question. From whence does it all come—this passion for human love—the love of family, of friendship, of comradeship in thinking and feeling and doing, of fellowship in worship and fraternity in work, this dream of the great society, this wistful longing for brotherhood?

And now another deep and seminal and glowing intuition takes its place in the spirit of the inquirer. For, like a sudden vista into a shining palace of many windows on a dark night, there comes the vision of the social life of God. Man has the instinct for society because God is a society. Man craves unselfish love because God is unselfish love. The home life of God—if in simple reverence we may call it so—is not something which can be pictured, but it can be appropriated in a flash of mystical understanding which gives a new and deathless and glorious meaning to the intercessory prayer of Jesus, "that they may be one as we are one." Only an eternal, divine unselfishness can be the basis of a permanent and deeply grounded human unselfish-

ness. The social instinct in man must come not merely from the will of God. It must rise from the very depths of his nature. "He that spared not his own Son" is the charter for a human society based upon unselfishness. And so the social life of man is glowing with the colours of the social life of God. Man may be in time what God is in eternity. And man is never so like God as when his heart reaches out in self-forgetful, eager love, alive with moral passion and glowing with spiritual power.

With these cataclysmic and yet creative experiences behind him we must follow the evangelical humanist into the darkest cities, the lonely countrysides, and all the waste places of the earth. He has faced in his own heart everything which he will find among men. And so he is ready for his great task. He knows the untried and joyous enthusiasm of youth. He knows the inarticulate outreach for God. He knows the passion for triumphant ideals. He knows the heart of treachery and the conscience heavy with the sense of guilt. He knows the creative joy of emancipation. The cross in his heart perpetually interprets the cross on the green hill far away. He knows the new vitality which sweeps out from a sense of an eternal future. He knows the sense of brotherhood which enters the human heart which knows that brotherhood is eternal. He knows the love of God. He knows the love of men.

So into the darkest cities he goes with an almost infinite sympathy (God has put something infinite in his heart) and with an almost infinite tact. He can be patient, for he never sees anything looking out of dark and evil human eyes, the germ and the menace of

which, and the power of which, he has not faced in his own heart. And he is not despondent, for he knows the meaning of the victory of the living Christ in a human heart. The knowledge of the adequacy of Christ is the never-ending wonder and glory of his experience.

He meets men wherever they are living. Some need education, so he becomes an educator. Some need medical attention, so he becomes a physician. Some need moral quickening, so he becomes a prophet. All need regeneration, so he becomes—preacher or layman, as the case may be—a minister of the saving gospel of Jesus Christ. He claims all areas of healthful and productive experience for the great community of those whom the rescuing love of God has taught how to love each other. Architecture is to glow as it once aspired with Gothic splendour. Sculpture is to tell a tale of harmony deeper and fuller than the men of Attica even knew. Painting is to reflect the manifoldness and the richness of the life where the secular is radiant with the joy of the sacred, and the divine has entered into sacramental relations with the human, and all material things feel the impress of the spiritual. Prose and poetry are to kindle with a new vitality, precisely because only living men can find living words, and music of ineffable loveliness is to come nearer than ever to expressing the inexpressible. Evangelical humanism has in it the secret of a rebirth of all the arts.

All the practical relationships of men are to stand in the radiant light of the new life. Commerce and trade, the whole world of production and transportation and of salesmanship, are to feel a new spirit, for commerce

must meet the cross at last. And when they meet there is no question where the victory will lie.

Every human relationship is to stand in the light of the new life. Father and husband, wife and sister, lover and friend, are to find more than a technique of living; they are to find a creative interpretation in the spirit of this glowing and victorious life.

The tasks of the mind are to be approached by men kindled and endowed with new mental vigour and insight because the whole personal life has found a unity and a harmony which gives the mind a freedom and an elasticity unknown before. The evangelical humanist has vital secrets for every human experience and for every human activity.

Is there a hint of something Utopian about all this? Well, there is always a hint of something Utopian about the utterances of anyone who speaks honestly about the moral and spiritual implications of Pentecost.

One more task confronts the evangelical humanist, a task in which all the noblest humanists of all the ages are with him. He must confront the nations with the compulsions which come from the reigning Christ. How Erasmus would like to come back to have a share in the great enterprise! Dr. Preserved Smith in his notable book, *Erasmus, a Study of His Life, Ideals and Place in History*—a work of great industry and of keen and understanding scholarship—has declared that the Dutch scholar possessed "a cosmopolitan culture that found any fatherland but the world too small." The evangelical humanist will be like Erasmus in that. Any fatherland but the world will be too small for him. In every land he will arise. Every language he will speak. Every race and every colour

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will know him as a part of its own life. And at last this great brotherhood—this fraternity of evangelical humanists—this league of friendly minds will make inevitable an orderly life for the world, from which war will be abolished, and in which property will gain its significance from personality, and the most brilliant organising minds of the world will bend their energies to the task of preserving the values and the privileges of personality for all mankind. Organisation will not mean the exploitation of humanity. It will mean the emancipation of humanity. The nations will at last sight civilisation not as a distant dream but as a definitely possible achievement. Perhaps only eyes which have seen the cross can see with faith some other visions. Perhaps only evangelical humanism can cast the poison of cynical unbelief in ideals from the contemporary mind. Anybody can doubt. It requires a Christian hero to believe.

And so we stand with many an ugly mountain between us and the land of our dreams. What frowning heights of disillusionment we must climb! What passes guarded by all the forces of decadence and pagan license we must control! What mountains of heavy lethargy, thrown up from the bitter unbeliefs of all the years! And yet with a great joy in his heart the man in whom the spirit of the great evangel and the spirit of glowing humanism live harmoniously together can look out upon these frowning precipitous heights. And with a meaning unknown to the ancient soldier he can cry, "Beyond the Alps lies Italy."

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